THE CITY OF DETRO SATURDAY

REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Vol. 114. No. 2,973

19 October 1912.

REGISTERED AS A 6d.

. 490

· 49I

• 493

. 494 . 496

CONTENTS.

Notes of the Week. 3 • 473	MIDDLE ARTICLES (continued): Meredith's Letters. By Filson Young 484	CORRESPONDENCE (continued):
LEADING ARTICLES: The Powers and the War	Letters from Wilder Spain: The Mysterious Cave Revisited. By Colonel Willoughby Verner 485 Three Tales. By Lord Dunsany . 486	William Booth. By H. A. Powell . Westminster Abbey. By William Mercer
SPECIAL ARTICLE: The Sons of the Sultan. By Mark Sykes M.P. • • • • 479	CORRESPONDENCE: Ulster and Home Rule 487 The Ulster Dilemma, By the Rev.	Joell Wood
THE CITY 481 MIDDLE ARTICLES:	Courtenay Moore 488 The Misrepresentation of Ireland . 489	Swelled-Soul "Twixt Land and Sea" The Papers of a Great Physicist.
Cold Hash at the Duke of York's, By John Palmer	Unionist Land Policy. By C. F. Ryder 489 State-Aided Imports	The New Apprenticeship
John F. Runciman 483	Anglo-Americanism. By J. Hobson . 489	SHORTER NOTICES

We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Balkan war is now regularly afoot. Turkey has declared war on Bulgaria and Servia, and Greece on Turkey. Which happens to have the last word before taking the field is, of course, a mere formality, an accident, of no account whatever. All the countries concerned had resolved on war long ago, and nothing but superior force could have held them in. The Powers have played a poor part enough in this business—simply ineffectual interference—but it may prove as well that they did fail. It is right to stop war, if you can, but merely to postpone war may be actually mischievous. In every way this is a war of fundamentals-conflicting interests, creeds, civilisationprogress on one side meant loss to the other. Which was to lose? Which to gain? This is the question which has to be fought out. The issue is joined, and we gravely doubt whether any good, if not actual mischief, will be done by attempts at intervention.

Possibly the Powers may be able to do something to keep the conduct of the war on civilised lines. That is a different thing from interfering with its course as between the parties. Those who keep the ring have a right to see that the rules are observed. There is very considerable probability that "methods of barbarism" -not platform barbarism this time-will show themselves in this war pretty generally. The character of the combatants and the nature and long standing of the quarrel all make for this. Only the sternest discipline will successfully keep the troops in check. Only the sternest If their immediate officers know that their superiors will hold them responsible for excesses, overlooking nothing, they will be less slow to punish offenders; and the superior officers' keenness will depend on the keenness and seriousness of the high authorities.

These, in turn, will be concerned with European public opinion. They realise that their country's character is in a sense on trial. Here the Powers have a better chance of making themselves felt.

Montenegro has no doubt scored an initial success in taking Tusi and Berane, small fortified towns on the way to Scutari. The first success counts much in the way to Scutari. game of war, although it is possible that its importance may have been exaggerated. It seems probable that isolated Turkish garrisons have held on too long without reasonable hope of being reinforced, with the result that the Montenegrins can claim first blood. Still they have much to accomplish before a really big coup like the capture of Scutari can be effected.

It had been imagined that Bulgaria and Servia would force the pace. Their plan of campaign must long ago have been decided upon, and they had everything to gain in being ready before Turkey could bring a predominating force to bear upon the issue. reason they held back at the last moment; and Turkey has now taken the initiative and invaded Bulgaria. Possibly the cessation of the war between Italy and Turkey upset Bulgarian calculations; whilst it simplified to an immense degree the problem for the Turkish Government. It is possible, too, that the Bulgarian and Servian staffs are not well versed in marshalling large forces in the field.

Although several accounts of victories and repulses have been received from various sources, nothing definite, except from the Greek side, is yet known as to what has actually happened. Indeed the great difficulty in connexion with this subject seems to be what to accept and what to discard as regards the semiofficial information from either side. The Greek Navy has, at any rate, signalised its appearance upon the scene by a fine and daring exploit. It appears that there is a Turkish gunboat or so in the Gulf of Arta, with no counterbalancing Greek ship to oppose it. entrance to the Gulf is narrow and commanded by powerful Turkish batteries. Yet two Greek gunboats succeeded in eluding their vigilance and entering the

Turkey's action in making peace with Italy will be greatly resented throughout the Arab world, but on the whole it was undoubtedly the more politic course. Turkish reinforcements must come from Asia Minor in the main, and had war continued with Italy they would have been hopelessly cut off from the scene of the Balkan operations. Such a peace has been made as might have been made equally well two months ago, and, had it been brought about then, there would hardly have been a Balkan war. The peace itself has apparently been received in Italy with little enthusiasm. There may be relief, but the gilt of the Tripoli enterprise has now worn very thin.

Thoughtful people, even in Italy, have begun to realise that peace with Turkey by no means implies the end of the war. Sporadic fighting with the Arabs in Tripoli will continue for a long time to come, and then taxation will have to be increased to "develop" the new colony. There is also an uncomfortable feeling about that Italy has not behaved with much chivalry to the Ægean islanders, who were certainly given to understand that they would not be put back under Turkish rule. If the Italian peasantry find themselves disillusioned as well about the new Eldorado, it may go hard with the governing class.

The new German Ambassador, Prince Lichnowsky, is the Emperor's friend, and no doubt the Emperor's choice. He should do well. He is the head of a great Silesian family and, like many an English nobleman, spent some years in the diplomatic service. He served his apprenticeship in London, but was soon transferred to Vienna, where, as the holder of estates in Austria, he felt quite at home. Of late years he has kept out of public life, but has done his duty as a member of the Prussian Upper House. There he has shown himself a real-politiker, intellectually akin to the great English Whigs. He comes to London with the idea that two business-like States ought to manage to exist side by side, but with no illusion that everything can be changed between to-day and to-morrow. The Emperor trusts him, and will see to it that his opinions carry weight.

The Government are quite determined that India shall not fall into the control of experts. Mr. Clark was put into the Governor-General's Council over the heads of all his contemporaries on the active list. Mr. Mallett, to the exclusion of all retired Indian officials, is to supervise scholars from India. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald is to be a member of the Commission upon the Indian public services. In short, the best qualification for dealing with Indian matters is no experience of India.

This weck has found the Government party in Parliament and out still explaining away the right of speech, the principle in which all great Liberals in the past have lived and had their being. That is the fruits of being out for loot instead of for liberty! There are still left Liberals in the House—as well as many out of it—who are ashamed of the odious gag and of the "gang of gaggers" that apply it. But they dare not protest above a whisper. They are content to sit on the benches and listen whilst those leaders, in the words of the greatest of the Tories—

"Explain their country's dear-bought rights away, And plead for pirates in the face of day; With slavish tenets taint our poison'd youth, And lend a lie the confidence of truth".

The Opposition, Mr. Asquith told the House, has no right to ask for any more time to discuss the Home Rule Bill, because the Opposition wishes to destroy the Home Rule Bill. That was last week. But behold this week Mr. Asquith gives the Opposition more time—he gives it two extra days! If it is wrong in the Opposition to ask for more time, how can it be right in the Government to give it? But the truth is the Government knows it is not wrong. The Government during the week has shifted its conscience, or shifted

its ground. Either term applies well enough, for is it not the habit of those who do one of these things to do the other?

Until a political leader has uttered a few "blazers" he rarely becomes a leader of note. There is nothing that strikes the imagination of the public more than a blazer. The blazer is all right; it rarely hurts—what hurts is when the utterer tries to explain it away next day. Mr. Birrell's blazers are always good. His description of cattle-driving as "silly"—or was it "unfortunate"?—is still recalled. On Wednesday he vowed it was extremely important, more important than Home Rule itself, that the farmers and small-holders should own their land in Ireland: land purchase is the thing. So much for the doctrine of the Government and their allies that the farmers and small holders ought not to own their land in England!

Mr. Birrell's admission was wrung from him by Mr. O'Brien's speech and amendment to strike Land Purchase out of the "reserved" subjects. The speech, at any rate, was most valuable: Mr. O'Brien deserved all the cheers he got. "I am not afraid to say that we shall have no peace in Ireland unless we come to terms with the landlords, keep them in the country, and attract them to the public life of the country." Mr. O'Brien is, indeed, dressed and in his right mind to-day. To recall a saying of Father Healey, he might be a very old man if the time ever comes for him to take his place in a Parliament on College Green. Yet the place would seem cut out for him already. He should be the leader there of "the stern and unbending Tories".

The amazing menage under Home Rule was beautifully illustrated by the debate on Thursday. John Bull is to have his two establishments, and, as we know, the lady across the water can come to his house when she so pleases—come with her forty-odd followers—and cause ructions; though John Bull must not interfere with the lady's establishment. But it does not end there, as Mr. Cathcart Wason and Captain Pirie, Liberal M.P.s, lament. The lady is to have her own post-office—John might interfere with her interesting correspondence.

And there is more to come. John Bull has to pay through the nose for this second establishment. That is quite in order, no doubt—he ought to pay for his luxuries. But the lady is not quite sure whether her allowance will be enough. Accordingly John Bull is not only to support her—he is to give her leave to raise money elsewhere. Why, says Mr. Wason aghast, she will soon be having free tea and sugar, free cigarettes and free drinks. Indeed she will! We rather fancy that the forty-odd gentlemen, her kind followers, will see to that all right on her behalf, particularly to the drinks and cigarettes. Was immorality ever made so absurd before?

We fear the young or old hopefuls in the Unionist Press make the mistake of their lives in thinking the land conspiracy is off. The land conspiracy is not off whilst the Chancellor of the Exchequer is on, and, as the "Times" parliamentary correspondent—who knows about these things—points out, he happens to be master of the situation to-day in the Government. He has a following that counts or that votes—which is for brutal purposes the same. Fox styled himself "The Man of the People". But the Chancellor of the Exchequer is better for these purposes. He is what Mr. John Burns tried to be once but never really was. He is the Man of the Mob. There is only one Man of the Mob in a Government. Two could not exist together. And whilst the Chancellor keeps his mob, the Prime Minister is of course quite helpless against him.

The Man of the Mob is set on striking at the land interest and system. He believes he can get more money that way. He believes he can get it at the least risk of offending people on his own side. He hopes to live Limehouse down and the unpopularity of the

t I f FI bkovtoL

o f s iii

PA So o ta a n si

a

tı

Insurance Act by a great coup presently against the land. Besides, he has an inborn, inbred hatred of the landowning classes. These three motives are all very strong; and knowing the Chancellor of the Exchequer's record we really marvel that experienced politicians on our own side should think for one moment that the land conspiracy is off and that its leader has had a hard set down in the Cabinet. Of course he and his group are only waiting not for the end of the Balkan business—that excuse seems to have been invented as a joke—but till they have finally agreed on their plan of brigandage and can put it into operation to the best electioneering effect.

For the moment, it may be said, they are sniffing at each other. Perhaps they are in some degree. There are the Ures who are for getting hold of "the stuff" by means of various severe taxes; and there are the Outhwaites who are for getting hold of it by just one overwhelming tax. But they will adjust their differences to a certainty by and by; and at or before the election the Chancellor of the Exchequer will go in and Limehouse will pale its ineffectual fires. The question in the House this week and the debate over the Backstairs Inquiry only make one surer than ever that the Chancellor of the Exchequer is going to fight the election not on Home Rule or Disestablishment or Plural Voting or Insurance. He is going to fight it on the land cry, and the Government will be driven to do the same.

As to the Backstairs Inquiry it is of course a dirty thing. Did not Disraeli style some opponents of his once "The Sneaks"? Well here are the sneaks skulking about and going down the areas on the sly, and ringing the bell rather nervously, ready to run away if someone answers it whose look they do not like. His Majesty's Government turning itself into a Private Detective Agency!

It seems that the last articulate word the Chancellor of the Exchequer uttered, or was heard to utter, before the guillotine fell on him in the debate was "game". He is fond of game and often speaks of it on the platform. It is not a nice thing to pry into other people's preserves. Let not the evil communications of Mr. Hemmerde M.P. corrupt good manners. Still one may be permitted to wonder mildly what account the game-keepers of, well, let us say—as the first names that occur to us in this connexion—Cowdray and of Nuneham would give in this matter. We suppose, however, that, where the pheasant is a sacred bird on the estate of a Tory, it is only a profane one on the estate of a Liberal.

Sir C. Hunter's suggestion to the Prime Minister on Monday that members should be fined for absence from the House without good cause cannot be quite so flippantly dismissed as Mr. Lloyd George seems to imagine. The salary has considerably altered the position of members of the House of Commons. A proposal to fine members would hitherto have seemed absurd. They gave their services; and could obviously be trusted to fulfil the duties they had voluntarily accepted. Payment of members must change all that. So far, of course, the new arrangement has not had time to take effect upon the personnel and spirit of the House. But no one can really believe that so violent an innovation can be empty of result. Payment for services rendered is the new principle; and it will obviously be necessary to see that the services are proportionate to the payment. An attendance book for members of the House of Commons is merely a logical result of their salaries.

Mr. Lloyd George is again finding it difficult to force inland revenue upon members of Parliament. Mr. Cassel has refused to allow the Government to make a deduction of income tax on his salary; and has returned the cheque. It is difficult to know what a member should do who has neither asked for a salary nor required a deduction of tax. When a Government says it is law to receive £400 a year and to exempt £100

of this from taxation, what can a member do but pocket his grievance? Or is this a case where rebellion is justified? It is, of course, quite clear what the Government should do; if honesty were in fashion. They should pay members who want it; and let off members who do not. Unfortunately the Government cannot afford to be honest in this business. They cannot afford to be seen bribing the Labour men with £400 a year to vote for the Cabinet; so, they compel the Conservatives to be paid against their inclination.

The rumours as to the Marconi contract remind one of the scandalous meetings at the house of Lady Sneerwell—" a character dead at every word". It is the more necessary that the Government should spare no effort to clear themselves. That they are able to clear themselves of flat corruption no one can doubt for a moment. But the charges of carelessness and ill-policy will have to be fully and frankly encountered. Did any rumour of the Government's intention escape to the City? That is, perhaps, the most serious question. The public also wants to know whether this contract was rashly made and likely to be a sorry bargain for the country. Happily the Government do not seem to be flinching from criticism—happily, for the honour of English public life is, in this affair, knit with the honour of the Government.

That the Irish cattle question should be put down for discussion on one of the few free days allowed to the House of Commons as a holiday from Irish affairs is scandalous in the Government that suffers it. Political debating of this question is of no use whatever to Mr. Runciman in his present difficulties. It may very possibly corrupt his judgment: it certainly cannot clarify it. Mr. Runciman himself cannot possibly have desired it. It is not pleasant to stand midway between two critical fires. But Mr. Redmond desired it, who is a more important member of the unofficial Radical Cabinet than Mr. Runciman. Happily for English stockbreeders, Mr. Charles Bathurst has now turned from Parliament in disgust, and is seeing what he can do for British interests with the County Councils. If Mr. Bathurst succeeds with his new plan, it will (in the words of an irate correspondent of the "Times" on Tuesday) "render nugatory the very small concession which has been made by Mr. Runciman to Irish stock-owners'

On Tuesday appeared a "Peace Manifesto" of the British Labour party and the German Social Democrats. The Labour men, British and German, regret they are not strong enough to defeat the military and naval budgets of their respective countries. Swearing brotherhood, they tell us that "a war between England and Germany would lead to such a catastrophe as history has never yet seen ", and that those who incite people "commit an infamous crime upon to this war "commit an infamous crime upon humanity". Of course, but we would rely upon the strength and confidence of fleets and armies to avert the catastrophe rather than on this peace talk and ostentatious fraternising. If it should come to war, the Labour men, British and German, would speedily find one another out as to the value of their international confidences.

Señor Canalejas has successfully countered a general strike on the Catalan railways; and at the struggle's end men, masters and the Government are pleased with themselves and with one another. Señor Canalejas merely mobilised the railwaymen as soldiers under the military code. The men were content; for they were drawing double pay—as soldiers and civilians. Everyone else was content, because the railways were successfully worked pending the settlement of the strike. Everything in Spain was at the ortical moment favourable. The Government, for example, had already tabled proposals for improving the men's conditions of work. But though not all strikes in conscription countries are bound to work out so happily as this, it has already been proved both in France and Spain that compulsory service is a real safeguard both of the strikers against their own extremists, and of the public against the strikers.

Mr. Roosevelt had a very narrow escape. Apparently the MS. of his intended speech saved his life. Sometimes, then, there is safety in a multitude of words. Happily there seems to be every reason to expect a rapid recovery. Meantime Mr. Roosevelt is taking the incident in the robust and cheery way he would. This will not hurt him in his election campaign. The assailant seems, as usual, to be a semi-lunatic—a miserable, dangerous type. Admirers of political assassination in Russia will note with pleasure that it has taken root in "free America".

Dean Kitchin was a good scholar and a man of letters, and at Oxford he did good work for the "Unattached". He did all that could be done for what at Oxford and Cambridge is really an impossible position. That he was a great Churchman or that the Church owes much to him could be said, but could not be said truly. His service to the Church was that he held great Church appointments, the reward of faithful devotion to the Liberal party. Like most, perhaps all, Radical parsons, he could not keep his politics out of his pulpit. His pro-Boerism was offensive in the extreme to his congregation, or the bulk of them, which cost him his windows, as also his successor at Winchester. He was honest, no doubt; he believed he was right, which is no restraint on capacity of mischief. Only the other day he refused to allow colours of the Durham Light Infantry to be hung in his cathedral. Would even the Bishop of Hereford have done that?

The Courts begin sitting with great arrears to face. Even with the additional Judge they are undermanned, as there ought to be at least two more, and there is not likely to be any improvement in these sittings. All the Judges who are entitled to pensions have taken their accustomed places. There are three of them—Lord accustomed places. There are three of them-Lord Justice Vaughan Williams, who has been on the Bench already twenty-two years, Lord Justice Kennedy, and Mr. Justice Ridley. Mr. Justice Darling, Mr. Justice Channell, and Mr. Justice Phillimore are the only three Judges who before the end of this year will also be entitled to retire if they please. There will be plenty of criticism of the Judges and the Courts when the Attorney-General's motion comes on, but it is unfair to make a point of there only being three Judges in the Common Law Division on Monday, the first working day. The old explanation of the circuits absolves the Judges, personally at any rate, from blame.

Mrs. Wilks the suffragist has shown what a hardship the combined marriage and revenue laws allow a wife to inflict on a husband. There is so much sympathy for Mr. Wilks that Lord Haldane and Lord Lansdowne both agree that he and other husbands similarly situated ought to be protected in future. The suffragist agitation has done some good by showing the anomalies of the law and the privileges that women enjoy at the expense of their husbands. Women who have separate property, and in respect of it have the same rights as unmarried women. all have to be sent to prison like other folk if " won't pay when they can. If the Government dare not keep the Mr. Wilkses in prison for the wife's debts, the revenue will suffer too much to allow of the Mrs. Wilkses escaping scot-free. Women who have bad husbands who take their property will have little reason to thank Mrs. Wilks for Mr. Wilks' vicarious martyrdom.

There is yet another split of the suffragettes. The domesticities of the W.S.P.U. are not for publication; but it is not difficult to realise what has happened. The Pankhursts are determined to be even more outrageous: Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence will not agree. The Pankhursts deny that "life is now to be attacked"; but the denial itself shows that assassination is at least discussed in suffragette councils. The Pankhurst proposals for the winter must be really appalling. Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence would not be frighted with false fire; but they seem just to have taken a look at the programme and fled.

THE POWERS AND THE WAR.

THE Peace concluded between Italy and the Porte at least saves Italy from a grotesque dilemma. She will not be obliged to fight with one hand while she restrains her allies with the other. She will hardly be very popular with the islanders of the Levant. Turkey, indeed, has pledged herself to an amnesty, but by this time even the Balkan Committee must feel convinced that Young Turkish promises are not worth much. As soon as the opportunity occurs we may be sure that the agents of the Sublime Porte will effectually teach the unfortunate islanders that it is bad policy, no less than bad manners, to be too effusive in their welcome to the victorious enemies of their Suzerain. Both Italians and Turks would have looked less absurd had they concluded peace earlier, which they might have done on the same terms. The result of their obstinacy may prove disastrous for Europe. It is difficult to believe that, had peace been made between Turkey and Italy a month earlier, the Balkan States would have challenged Turkey to deadly combat. The ill-conceived enterprise of Italy may, therefore, be justly charged with this second war. Others carry the chain of responsibility further and find the cause of Italian aggression in French enterprises in Morocco. It is not necessary to bring the actual responsibility home to any one Great Power; they are equally culpable, and have only themselves to thank for the foolish and dangerous position in which they now find themselves.

Four tiny States are defving with impunity the commands of all the Great Powers, and no one can prevent them. For generations the Ottoman Government has run on its evil way solely because it retained sufficient astuteness to play off the jealousy of one Power against the other. The converse of this is now happening, and we may expect to see the evil effects of their mutual jealousies very gravely developed in the near future. Turkey, admonished to reform, replies that she is about to put into force the programme approved in 1880. That it should have taken Turkey thirty-two years to arrive at this edifying frame of mind is only consistent with the method in which Near Eastern affairs have been conducted. Turkey has been treated like a responsible State able and fit to control her own destiny, whereas we all know that Turkey owed her continued existence in Europe since the Treaty of San Stefano only to the united efforts of Europe. It is perfectly well known that had it not been for our initiative, subsequently backed by Germany and Austria, the Turk would have withdrawn to Asia and left Europe to Europeans. This fact being undoubted, it is little to the credit of the Powers that they should have calmly ignored the breaking by the Ottoman Government of every single pledge it gave in the Treaty of Berlin, and frequently since. On the whole, Unionist Foreign Secretaries have done better than Liberals in keeping Europe in line with a view of pressing reforms on Turkey and seeing them carried out. But even when the Powers have appeared to present a solid front, we have known particular Ambassadors previously advise the Sultan not to yield.

By 1908, however, it looked as if the era of better things had dawned. Austria and Russia had really come to an agreement, and the others were, if not backing them, at least not opposing them. This was the real cause of the outbreak of the revolution and the overthrow of Abdul Hamid. From the Turkish point of view, the result was highly satisfactory. The Powers retreated from their position, withdrew their mandate and gendarmes, and Macedonia returned to Turkish rule and barbarism. To do the Powers justice, some of the Christians in Turkey themselves seem to have been deceived, though not for long. But the state of misery and unrest induced by Turkish methods, made twenty times worse by the fanatical schemes of centralisation fashioned by the Young Turks on French models, has so inflamed racial animosity on both sides

of the frontier that the popular feeling could no longer be restrained by the arbitrament of statesmen. Personal ambition has no doubt played its part, but its rôle has hardly been the leading one. The outbreak of the war springs directly from the incapacity of the Powers to make Turkey govern her European subjects decently or to carry out any of her continually re-iterated promises. It is due to the absurd belief of Western Europe that the affairs of the Turkish Empire can be satisfactorily conducted by a popular Assembly, and that the existence of such a body was a guarantee that the Christian subjects of the Porte would be better treated.

Having allowed things to drift into this impasse, the Powers will now find themselves hard put to it to keep the peace among themselves. Their proceedings up to the present have been harmless, if futile. The presentation of a Note to the Porte did not carry us very far, for the Balkan States made demands more far-reaching, which they stated were their minimum, while the Porte gracefully waved aside the suggestions made on the ground that there was an excellent programme dating from 1880, and approved in those days by the Powers. This programme Turkey now proposed to apply in its entirety. The whole situation is tinged with a delightful irony, but it is too risky to allow of its being thoroughly enjoyed. If we are to believe the military experts, early next week, but hardly before, we may anticipate great events. It has been said that intervention would become practicable after one great battle has been lost and won. easy confidence seems to have but little foundation in fact. Who will undertake to check victorious Bulgarians on the march for Constantinople to free their brother Slavs? Would Russian opinion tolerate it even if the Russian Government acquiesced? suppose Turkey scored a great victory and was proceeding to administer to the insolent aggressors a wellmerited chastisement, would Hungarian opinion tolerate interference? and how would our own Mohammedan subjects take it? or those of France? Could, on the other hand, Russia allow Bulgaria to be crushed? We find it by no means easy to be optimistic. It may be satisfactory from one point of view that the British elector seems in these days to care little enough for Turk or The idealist would perhaps prefer the enthusiasms of the past; their absence, however, makes the task of the statesman easier. But in Russia and Austria, the countries most nearly concerned, the progress of the struggle is certain to rouse fierce passions; if these burst forth into fury, it may be difficult to limit the rôle of their allies or friends.

Interference at the end will hardly be a much lighter task than in the middle of a war in which racial antipathies will be inflamed in a way fortunately unexampled in recent years. Servia, however, is evidently desirous of soothing Austrian susceptibilities. She declares that she has no intention of occupying the Sanjak, and Austria has declared that she will not interfere even in that jealously watched enclave till the war is over. We shall see how far these excellent intentions are justified by events; unfortunately history does not give us much encouragement to accept them literally. It is just conceivable that with the accession of Italy the Great Powers might at the last moment have taken such urgent steps that the war would have been averted. But this could only have been by the display of force, an experiment in this case probably worse than the disorder it would be designed to cure. The Powers, having allowed the evil to arise, must be contented with trying to keep it within limits. The consequence of failure will be so appalling that there is a chance they may succeed. The suggestion of a conference clearly has no support at the moment; it could only bring out and emphasise differences. It is no time to define the antagonisms of groups, but to hang together lest we be soon trying to hang one

another.

THE FALSE POSITION.

THIS week's debates must have made clear to anyone, to whom it was not obvious before, why the Government were so anxious to cut short discussion of the details of the Home Rule Bill. It is difficult, indeed, to imagine any man so simple or so dull at any time; after the debate on land purchase, it is impossible. Lord Robert Cecil hardly went too far when he said that had that debate been allowed to go unrestricted, it would have destroyed the Bill; though this was, perhaps, assuming a little too much public interest in what is said in Parliament. Interest in these debates is now not keen, especially when a more stimulating subject-the Balkan War-is to the front; but, after all, it is such treatment of the House as this Government is now insisting on that more than anything else has put the country off following its doings-or rather its sayings. Not many outside actively political circles trouble themselves to read-even if they glance atdetailed debates in Committee. Yet, unfortunately, it is just these debates that really throw light on a Bill, and would, if read, do much to enable the ordinary man to have an intelligent idea what a Bill proposes to do. But to be understood they must be read and not merely glanced at, and the public will not read. Thus we seem to be in an impasse. The Government way out is to get rid of Committee discussion, or at least have as little of it as possible. The people will not read it; so why waste time on it? The House, we see, is not considered; and therein there is a certain honesty, a brutal recognition of what they have brought the House to. This way out suits the Government a great deal better than the more excellent one of having full discussion in Committee and leaving to members the task of bringing home its effect to their constituents. In that way numbers of the electors, who will not read debates, can still be influenced by them. Scores of points appreciable by the public which are lost in Second Reading speeches, even if made, come out in A Unionist member or candidate could Committee. hardly do better work in his constituency than retail to his people the debate this week on Irish Land Purchase. It makes one appreciate nicely the brilliant position taken up by the Government that time need not be allowed for discussion meant to be, and that might be, destructive of a Government Bill. The theory seems to be that only agreed Bills are to be discussed. Very convenient indeed for the Ministry of the day; very inconvenient for the Opposition. It is no longer, then, legitimate for members of Parliament to try to prevent a Bill becoming law by destructive criticism. Any argument that merely exposes a Bill's faults is illegitimate; therefore no time need be given to the discussion of a Bill the Opposition would destroy, holding it to be past improvement. This destructive criticism, the riddling process, can be carried out only in Committee, when the actual details of the plan are searched, and its promoters cannot escape by generalities and talking round it. So especially in Committee is time for discussion to be refused. This is the latest and least intelligent step in the process of disabling the House. We have now reached this position—the grand result, so far, of this Govern-ment's reconstruction of the British Constitution. The Crown is suppressed; the House of Lords is disabled; the Government is in absolute control of the House of Commons, holding its supporters by fear of a dissolution and loss of salaries and gagging the Opposition except when they agree with Ministers. is Representative Government as Liberalism under-It is obvious that if the Government's stands it. position is good and the arguments by which they defend it sound, the only right thing to do is to give up the pretence of Parliamentary government and try something else. To leave unlimited legal power, over Constitution and everything else, to a Parliament which in fact has lost all power to the Government of the day, is sheer madness. It cannot go on, and will not. Maybe that Mr. Asquith's latest declaration of the rights of the Opposition does not add much to the

already vast power of the Executive; but while this power was still formally qualified by regard for constitutional theory, it was possible, and for the country easy, not to realise the facts, and to think it was still run under representative institutions. But when the Prime Minister deliberately claims that he is entitled to refuse the Opposition time for destructive criticism-in other words, to refuse the Opposition time to oppose-it is plain he is abandoning the theory of a representative system. He is setting up openly a new constitution; a constitution which vests in a Ministry that has received the support of a majority of the electors uncontrolled power until the electors withdraw that sup-This may or may not be a good arrangementwe have never professed any great admiration for the House of Commons nor belief in its undying authoritybut if this is to be the system of the future other changes must be made with it. Power being no longer in Parliament, we must make clear where it is, and not allow the Executive under the name of Parliament to wield Parliament's legally unlimited power. We shall need a written constitution. We must settle whether the Executive shall be more and more independent or power be more directly and continuously vested in the people themselves. Cæsarism or democracy will be the choice. We may dislike both, but we doubt if either is so dangerous as the present state of things, which leaves the Executive with actually absolute power without the responsibility or the stimulus of open and legal independence.

The case of the Home Rule Bill makes one feel this need of some constitutional rearrangement. Here we have a Bill which profoundly alters the relations of one of the British Isles to another, the very heart of the Empire, and which in the view of very large numbers of British electors impinges on the sovereignty of this country. This Bill is little known to the public: its actual provisions are almost unknown. Debate that might at any rate do something to enlighten the country is reduced to a minimum. This Bill is supposed to be a measure for the improvement of Ireland by setting up an Irish Parliament to settle Irish affairs. Chief Secretary gave it as his deliberate judgment that Land Purchase was more important to Ireland than Home Rule; it was Ireland's prime necessity. This necessity for Ireland the Irish Parliament, which is to put all things right by controlling Irish affairs, is not to be allowed to touch. It is reserved away from the Irish Parliament. This alone is almost a reductio ad absurdum of Home Rule. It is thought that the Irish Government would not be able to raise the moneyvery justly-which proves the absolute interdependence of the two countries. There is more than a possibility under Home Rule of rents in Ireland being reduced so much and so indiscriminately that tenants who have purchased under a higher valuation will suffer from a serious grievance. It is more than possible that under a Home Rule régime the public here would have too little confidence in Irish security to subscribe the money required to continue and complete land purchase in Ireland. In other words, this Bill for the general regeneration of Ireland may easily in various ways frustrate that which Mr. Birrell himself regards as Ireland's rime necessity. These points were brought out with difficulty in curtailed discussion in Committee. wonder the Government shrank from discussion. this Bill the Government under present conditions can pass without any appeal to the country, almost without its knowledge. If Ministers have the courage of their unscrupulousness nothing can prevent their passing it; and once passed it is a Bill that practically cannot be amended. This alone would justify forcible resistance, but we want some constitutional change which will provide means other than force of preventing this kind of

PREFERENCE AND THE PARTY.

BECAUSE the Radicals have tried to make capital out of the Duke of Westminster's fund, some Unionists have looked upon it with rather unfriendly eyes. If anybody cares to say that more experienced

organisers would have done the thing differently, he is welcome to his point. It is a true one. But what is the point worth? In all political propaganda it is the end that matters, and so long as the means employed are not in themselves degrading, not like those of Mr. George's Land Committee, for example, we need not trouble ourselves about them overmuch. In this instance it is enough to note that a large sum has been publicly raised to further a special cause. It is to that cause that Mr. Austen Chamberlain devoted the whole of an admirable speech, worthily phrased, and, what is more important, exactly right in spirit. Mr. Chamberlain told us that the fund would be used to secure Imperial Preference in its proper place at the head of the party's programme. While doing proper justice to the importance of Tariff Reform in its narrower sense, he insisted that it was not the merely national aspect of the Tariff movement that "goes deepest to the hearts of

This is the true touch. The Englishman is a Conservative at heart, and is always inclined to favour the continuance of things as they are. Nine years ago Mr. Joseph Chamberlain suddenly proposed to remodel the only fiscal system which modern industrial England had ever known. How are we to account for the fact that from the very first day of his campaign Mr. Chamberlain had round him men who did not merely approve of his plan as a business proposition but greeted with unmistakable enthusiasm? It was because Mr. Chamberlain gave practical expression to an ideal. The new conception of Empire was just winning ground when Mr. Chamberlain came forward with his means for making Empire a tremendous practical reality. That is the sort of cause which grips. For six years Mr. Chamberlain has been out of politics, but there is no name which calls forth a more spontaneous cheer at any Unionist meeting. All this is understood by Mr. Austen Chamberlain and his friends, but it is altogether missed by those Unionists who, in the interests of electoral security, would have us drop Preference, at any rate for the time being, and concentrate on the framing of a national tariff. To do that would be to knock the life out of the party. A national tariff is right enough in its way. It is a legitimate means of raising revenue, and it enables the State to associate itself with industrial progress. But it stands for purely material things; it does not and cannot go deep to the hearts of men.

We must be clear about the idea of Preference, before it is possible to formulate a policy. It makes all the difference in the world whether Preference is an accidental by-product of the national tariff, or whether the national tariff itself exists because of Preference. That is why we welcome this fund. Its success will show everybody that to the average Tariff Reformer Preference and not national protection is the dominant idea. We take it that the constructive section of the party is convinced of this. Were there a strong section of Unionists who avowed themselves Tariff Reformers of the school of List, the situation would be serious. But the men who deprecate Preference are not stirred by any passion for another and more or less contrary ideal but simply by fear. That is the situation in accordance with whose needs, the policy of Preference must be framed.

What are the lines along which a Unionist Cabinet will seek to give effect to the idea of Preference? Mr. Chamberlain, in whom the practical reason always predominates, had no sooner grasped his idea than he turned it into a policy. But the situation had not developed in 1903 as it has developed in 1912. Propaganda during the last nine years has established the idea and we are now ready for the next stage. It is not for any private person or paper to define that stage. In that lies the difference between an idea and a policy. Anyone can make converts to an idea if once he has himself grasped it; but a policy must be enunciated with authority. Ideas stand on their own merits; but policies depend upon their backing.

Has not the time come for the leaders of the party to indicate the lines of a plan? We do not ask for a series of cut and dried proposals. Legislation is best drafted by men with the experts of a Government Department behind them, and it is possible that a special Imperial Conference would have to precede the introduction of the Preference budget. But there is an intermediate step between the statement that Preference is an expression of the Imperial idea and the statement that Preference means a duty of so many pennies upon such-and-such articles if produced outside That step should now be taken. the Empire. not as though the Unionist party were likely to be out of office for an indefinite time during which much might The position of the Government grows happen. steadily weaker, and the new land policy is not going to restore it. With the election the Unionists will come in, but it is for the Unionist leaders to say whether they will come in to keep the other side out or to do something themselves. What we want is a Government with driving power behind it, and in view of the practical character of the English mind, driving power, though made possible by the influence of an idea, asserts itself only for a policy, a concrete plan.

THE SONS OF THE SULTAN. By MARK SYKES M.P.

THERE is no greater mistake than to imagine that the Ottoman soldier is a distinct individual with salient characteristics of a uniform singular type. This is an error into which many war correspondents fall, and gives rise to a host of false impressions.

The Turkish army is made up of so many races, tribes and composite types of Homo Sapiens that to generalise is to blunder for a certainty. Not only is the Turkish army a composite body, but the ingredients are inextricably mixed up in the very units themselves, while the incorporation of a percentage of Christians under "Constitution" has further leavened the mass with fresh variations.

An attempt will be made in this article to analyse the chief components as a step towards appreciating the resultant whole.

Let us make up an imaginary detachment of men we have actually known. Let us say that Lieut. Seifullah is in command of a section of twenty details he has brought from Konia and is waiting for his steamer on the quay at Haidar Pasha. The detachment is going to guard a bridge somewhere between Adrianople and the Chalalja lines. At a glance they are a well-set-up, cleanly, healthy-looking party of men. Their uniform is khakhi, very much like that of the English soldier, with the exception of the cap, which is like that of the English convict, the equipment is fairly good and the rifles and bandoliers are excellent. Standing in line they are a very level lot, but one glance at the faces shows extraordinary differentiations, when we examine some of them in detail.

The lieutenant, Seifullah Effendi, is a good-looking young fellow of about twenty-five; his complexion is fair, his moustache brown, his eyes grey-blue. He is a little above medium height, smart, well set up, and superficially very like any other continental officer. His uniform is khakhi of a tint very little different from that of the British linesman-puttees and brown boots, a tin sword of the worst, a Mauser pistol of the best, a pair of Zeiss glasses, an aluminium water-bottle and a grey woollen cap complete his equipment. This not unprepossessing young gentleman is worth studying. He is well acquainted with all the latest theories of war-trajectories, outposts, advance guards, field fortification, &c., which on paper are familiar to him; in fact, he knows rather too much of this kind of thing—he is apt to stick to theories and to forget realities. The old illiterate Turkish officers of Abdul Hamid's time probably knew more about the practical side of soldiering than Seifullah and his friends would care to allow. Still, it would be a mistake to underestimate the capacity of this modern young officer. People like Seifullah are very easy to underestimate, as the following will show:

A young Englishman once came into a Turkish town. The Englishman had done thirty days' trekking and riding, was large, sunburnt and fit, dressed in dusty clothes and thick shooting-boots. He looked the typical outdoor man, in good training and sound in wind and limb. At the barracks of the town he found a Turkish lieutenant of his own age; the Turk was yellow, unwholesome, idle and degenerate. By his own showing the Turk had not been beyond the stinking bazaars for over a month; his diet was grease, rice, and bad brandy, his mode of life neither elevating nor whole-some; his clothes consisted of thin-soled "Jemima" boots, thick blue uniform overalls, and a tight German tunic. Near the town was a ruined castle on a mountain top; the Englishman wished to see it, and the lieutenant volunteered to show the way up. The Englieutenant volunteered to show the way up. lishman thought in his own mind that the officer would probably expire before the ascent was commenced. Half-way up the mountain the Englishman sat perspiring under the shade of a rock, blown and exhausted; near the top he was glad enough to take the officer's hand to help him over a difficult place. When the ruin was at last reached, the Englishman unslung his water-bottle and passed it to the Turk. "I am fasting; it is Ramazan!" said the Turk. The climb had been 700 feet, the hour was 2 P.M., the temperature about 110 degrees in the shade. The Turk had not turned a hair; he had neither eaten nor drunk since midnight. cidedly you cannot judge by externals.

Therefore, though Seifullah will seem a perfectly ridiculous person, brought up in a harem, petted, spoiled and coddled all his boyhood by a host of incredibly stupid and ignorant women; his avowed ideals are to go to Paris, drink champagne and eat bacon; his sword would be a disgrace to a Drury Lane "principal boy " singing a patriotic song; his theories and shop seem incoherent, half learned and pointless; his character seems purposeless and indolent-still he will probably have something in him which would surprise you. He is at bottom intensely, furiously, simply patriotic; he has the pride of race, and tremendous traditions behind him, has nerves of steel (why I know not, but there it is !), and will not be upset by privation or disaster. He will fight hard, keep his authority over

his men and do what he is told.

Osman Chaush, the colour-sergeant, is a very different type of individual from the young lieutenant. He is about thirty-five years of age. He stands about six feet two inches in his thick woollen stockings, has huge, heavy shoulders, straight limbs and deep chest. He is of the fleshy muscular type of man in body, and in complexion was once fair, but his cheeks, tanned by years of exposure, are as brown as an Egyptian's. His brows overhang like those of a gorilla; his small blue eyes are deeply sunken in his head and peer out from under his projecting sandy eyebrows like two little grey beads; his nose is of the button order; his bristly moustache, which is of a ruddy gold, sweeps downward like the tusks of a walrus; his chin and jaw are square; his skull is small and round; his teeth are beautifully white. Osman can lift a cottage piano or a pony; he is a gruff, quiet man who has little to say for himself. He has spent his life in fighting Kurds, Arabs, Druses, Greeks, and suchlike, and war is no novelty to him. In temper he is rather like the great water buffalo that a child can lead, but if it loses its temper may devastate a village.

There is no finesse about Osman; obedience is the keynote of his character; he was promoted to be coloursergeant because in the Yemen he marched with a message alone, without taking any precautions, straight through the enemy's lines. To have been captured meant death. The officer who sent him did not know To have been captured of the danger. Osman did, but it did not occur to him to mention the fact, any more than it occurred to him to take a more circuitous route. Osman can read and write, and will apparently do anything that he is told to do somehow. He was once told to drive an engine on the Hejaz Railway, because the proper engine-driver had dropped off the footplate with cholera. Half-an-hour's instruction in broken Turkish by a Greek engineer

sufficed. It sank into Osman's brain that if fire was put in such a place, and a certain watch pointed to a certain point and certain handles were pulled in certain ways the train would go on, if other handles were pulled it went slower, if the first handles were pulled in another direction it stopped—the engine of course was ruined, but the train arrived at its destination. The law of Osman's life is that all orders must be obeyed until the end; if there are no orders nothing can be done.

Osman drills the men patiently, and repeats the formula of musketry and company drill like a child of seven repeating the three-times table of multiplication. He rarely makes conversation; if he does it is about the coolness of water in certain valleys and the quality of various airs. As far as Osman is concerned, the detachment will do very well if Seifullah remembers the right things to tell him to do when the critical moment comes.

Zekki, the lance-sergeant, though fair-haired, is a great contrast to Osman; lithe, active, small-waisted, with neat, clean-cut, regular features he is a typical Circassian. He is only twenty-two, and is pushing his way to a commission if he can get one. He looks like a gentleman, is a wonderful shot, has an eye for country like a bushranger, and an eye for a horse like a Yorkshireman. By rights he need not serve in the army, being a refugee from Russia. Unfortunately in the course of his youth he stole a horse; the horse, still more unfortunately, belonged to a Consul; finding that capture was inevitable if he remained at large, Zekki decided to retire into the army. Two years' garrison duty in Baghdad enabled him to cover his tracks, and, finding that he had acquired a trade, he decided to remain. Zekki has every quality necessary for a soldier; faithful, resolute, courageous, calm, with plenty of initiative, but I cannot deny that he is capable of some cruelty. When Zekki's grandfather came to Turkey in 1879 he settled in Eastern Syrla with some hundreds of other colonists from Russia; the local Bedawin, according to ancient custom, first welcomed the strangers and then stole their cattle. The Circassians, thinking that one definite example might save further trouble, caught the son of the Shaykh of the offending tribe, flayed him alive, and hung his inflated skin on a pole at the end of the village. Zekki thinks this a very good joke and is never tired of telling it. When he told it to Osman, the latter only said: "Was it an order?" If Scifullah and Osman are missing after the first action, and Zekki gets charge of an isolated detachment he will go off on his own, and very little verbal evidence will be forthcoming as to what the detachment does.

Ahmed, Mehmed, Yussuf and Hajj Mohammed all come from the same district in the Kaza of Tash Kiopri in the Vilayet of Kastamuni; they are four of the most peaceful men in the wide world, mild and sober peasants; they are there to do their duty for just so

long as the Padishah wants them.

Broad-shouldered, yellow-haired, blue-eyed men, their colouring betrays their origin; they are the descendants of the Gauls of Galatia, who formed the backbone of the armies of Byzantium. Their one hope is that the war will end in time for them to get home for the next harvest. Like Osman, they obey orders. The land they come from is a land of forests and fields, hot summers and arctic winters; it is a land of absolute calm and peace. Though the roads are bad and the policing is infinitesimal, there are no robbers and no quarrels, save occasional village squabbles over landmarks. They are strict Moslems, yet not in the least fanatical. As soldiers they are perfect, inured to every climate and every hardship; they are always cheerful, always obedient, always When the present writer was in Eski Shehr a train came into the station at midnight with 800 such fellows on board. They had had nothing to eat since morning, and were travelling in open trucks; they were reserve men going to various battalions. There were no officers, and no one was in charge of the train. moment the train stopped the whole mass leaped out and dashed off to the cafés which surround the station. There was no shouting or fighting, no robbing or plundering. Such men as could get near the counters bought

bread, biscuits, or pastry. Ten minutes later the enginedriver blew his whistle; back into the darkness rushed the 800 men; three minutes later the train moved off without a man missing. There is something more than mere passivity in troops with such discipline as that.

During the Russo-Turkish war an Anatolian battalion and an Albanian battalion lay side by side; food was short and the two were put on half-rations. The Albanians, fine fighters though they were, grew restless and threatened to leave their posts. The Anatolians went to their officers and said, "Give the Albanians half our rations, and put us on quarter-rations, so that they may remain to fight the enemy". Unless grievously mishandled these men should do well. Those who say that the Turks were only good in defence during the Russo-Turkish war should remember that the levies from Asia had hardly been drilled at all.

Standing next the men of Kastamuni is Ibrahim of Sivas, a dark-skinned, short, ill-favoured little man, with a face pitted with smallpox, hooked nose, black beard and savage brown eyes like a fox's. A town Moslem of the worst type, fanatical and ruthless, he treasures in his heart monstrous thoughts of what he will do if war gives him his opportunity. At present his head is bandaged because he called an Armenian soldier "a Gaiur", and Osman Chaush remembered he had an order that no Christian was henceforth to be called a Gaiur; a mallet that was lying handy descended on Ibrahim's head like a Nasmyth hammer. "Shameless one, there is an order that no one shall call any Gaiur a Gaiur."

Abdul Hamid of Khodavendiar is yet another type, a stout, smooth-faced boy with a distinctly Mongolian cast of countenance, dark-skinned, black-haired, with high cheek bones and almond eyes; he is young and very unobtrusive; he still feels, so to speak, in his father's presence, and before older men says little. Though he is a Turk like the men from Kastamuni, there is as much difference between him and them in appearance as there is between a Scotchman and a

Malay.

The next three men are a strange contrast to all the others-Gindo, Bero and Hollo are Kurds; the reforms have swept them into the army and from it there is no escape. Gindo is a mountaineer; he comes from the south-eastern slopes of the Taurus; lithe, sinewy, active as a cat, with the vicious twinkling eyes of a serpent and the beak of a hawk, a wide mouth, thin lips, square chin and small face. Gindo knows nothing, so he says, except how to shoot. In his belt he treasures a long curved dagger: "What should I do with this iron bar?" he exclaimed when given a bayonet. He can run a couple of miles without distress, can scramble up a precipice and can see a man where another would only see a rock or a bush. He talks to the other Kurds in a peculiar staccato language which they can hardly understand, for he is a Zaza and they are Lolo Kurds. A strange, simple, elvish creature, he is singularly at sea in the army; he says no prayers and will eat any food that comes his way. His religion is something secret; when no one is looking he ties bits of rags to trees and puts up little piles of stones in various crevices in the hill-side, and, since curiosity is the last defect of his companions, no one asks him why. Nor do they know that only a year before Gindo shot, with his own hand, six soldiers of the regiment in which he is now serving from behind the walls of his native village; nor will this fact make him any the less backward in fighting when he is required. Bero and Hollo, on the other hand, though Kurds, are as different from Gindo as they are from all the others; tall, lanky men, with bony, high-bridged noses, close set brown eyes, dark skins and hairy faces; sullen and laconic, they look like two ogres in a pantomime. As a matter of fact they are neither of them so terrible nor so wicked as they appear. As soldiers they are not really the best material; they know too much about war, accustomed to irregular fighting since their infancy, with a full knowledge of the dangers of skylines and the advantages of cover; they have no confidence in Seifullah, are terrified of artillery and feel completely paralysed without their horses. Bero and Hollo are really ideal bushwhacking cavalry men, and it is a pity to see them on foot, uncertain, lost

and doubting.

The next man of this strange detachment is Krikor Dambalian, the Armenian, 6 feet 3 inches, roundshouldered, big limbed, heavy featured, dark eyed, silent; he is submissive and quiet. Krikor's father was killed in 1896 by Turkish soldiers, and his sister was carried off by Kurds, and Krikor has not forgotten either incident; yet he has no love for the Greeks, and to him Bulgarians, Servians and Montenegrins are Greeks. Krikor's companions know all that Krikor has suffered and in their hearts are ashamed, save Ibrahim of Sivas, who would like to kill him if only in revenge for his broken head. Krikor, however, has made himself a place in the detachment; if clothes require sewing, rifles oiling, cigarette cases mending, ropes splicing, boots patching, they are invariably brought to Krikor-his huge, passive body and his submissive, dull, unspeculating eyes are in direct contradiction to his nimble brain and fingers. Banker, bootmaker, locksmith, blacksmith, tinker and tailor, Krikor is any one of these things and a master in each. He has had the wit to make himself indispensable to everybody, from Seifullah Effendi, to whom he lends money, down to the cook whose pots and pans he mends.

The last men in the detachment we need consider are the Arabs, bright-eyed, brown-skinned, vivacious and talkative, they form a group apart—Isa and Mustapha of Syria, Ayub of Mossul and Hussein of Baghdad. They hold the Turks and Kurds in contempt as barbarians and fools, they are bursting with conceit, poetry, and vainglory, and are for ever quarrelling among themselves. As soldiers they are not very dependable. On a cold wet day or in snow they will crumple up and mourn their hapless fate; on a dark night they will blaze into the darkness and fly shrieking from imaginary enemies. Yet on occasion they can be worked up to an hysterical fighting frenzy, in the throes of which they will perform deeds of amazing recklessness and

valour.

Here, then, we have a detachment typical of the drafts which are now pouring up from Asia to Constantinople. What an army so composed will do it is difficult to say, since every element has something uncertain about it. A lucky combination may lead to extraordinary success, an unlucky one to singular and signal disaster. If we learned that the Turkish transport had completely broken down, that the ammunition was faulty, that the army was listless, hopeless and disspirited, that desertion and wholesale surrender were rife, there would be nothing surprising in it. On the other hand, unexpected efficiency, extraordinary prowess, tremendous enthusiasm and overwhelming victory are just as possible. It is no desire to hedge that makes the present writer say this. Is it credible that the handful that has put up such a superb fight in Tripoli could be the same material as that which gave such a miserable exhibition against the Druses in Syria? The wretched conduct of the Turks in the Crimea and at Nezib does not tally with the heroic defence of Plevna, Kars and Erzerum, or the fighting in the The excellent conduct of the campaign in Shipka. Thessaly cannot excuse or palliate the miserable failure in the Yemen.

To go back to history we can find that sometimes the Turks fought splendidly, as at Kossovo; or hopelessly, as at Belgrade. The Turkish army has ever been composed of mixed elements, and it has met victories and disasters in fairly equal succession. I have known overwhelming Turkish forces routed and destroyed by a few hillmen. I have seen whole tribes of warlike people kept in awe by a tiny detachment under a good officer. To prophesy would be ridiculous, since the more one knows the more doubtful does the

issue become.

THE CITY.

THE outstanding factor in this week's Stock markets has been the manifestation of the power of the small investor. Last Saturday the markets were in a state of panic. A big bubble of Continental speculation was pricked by bankers who were becoming alarmed at the news from the Near East. Stocks and shares were thrown upon an unwilling market in thousands upon thousands, and "bear" operators added to the confusion by offering all the recently active stocks. English investors, however, were able to take a calm view of the situation. They had not been involved in any recent boom, and owing to the general prosperity of the country they were able to grasp the opportunity of purchasing stocks at panic prices.

Buying orders came in from all parts of the country for small lots of stock. Speculation has been discouraged by brokers, and the cumulative effect of the demand for stock that will be taken off the market is displayed in the marked recovery that occurred in the first half of the week. This absorption of the floating supply of stocks induced the bears to cover their commitments as rapidly as possible, and operators who were bold enough to buy when the slump was at its worst have been able to secure substantial profits in a remarkably short space of time. This profit-taking, together with the uncertainty which still exists regarding the immediate future of the markets, has caused a

reaction from the best prices.

The technical condition of the markets is still very complex, and in the circumstances it is essential that purchases should only be made with the idea of taking stock off the market. Investors who are prepared to pay cash for their shares and ignore any incidental fluctuations that may occur have many opportunities for making purchases that will prove advantageous in the long run; but the present is not the time for taking

speculative risks.

The advances in the Bank of England rate to 5 per cent. and in that of the Bank of France to 3½ per cent. were fully expected, and consequently had no effect on the Stock markets. Consols, with the aid of Sinking Fund purchases, have recovered sharply from the low level recorded on Saturday last. It is fully recognised that the higher Bank rate will tend to prevent unduly heavy withdrawals of gold from this country, and the strength of the Bank's position as shown in Thursday's statement is a very favourable factor.

Only moderate declines were recorded in Home Railway securities as a rule, though Metropolitans naturally suffered severely under speculative offerings. Scottish rails came into demand on the news that higher freight charges will be enforced at the beginning of the New

Year.

Violent fluctuations occurred in Canadian Pacifics. New York absorbed large offerings from the Continent, but sold stock back to Europe when the quotation recovered. Wall Street has also taken large lines of American railway securities, part of which have since been realised. Among Foreign Rails the influence of an excellent annual report of the Mexican Railway Company has been overshadowed by the news of another revolution. The dramatic rising of the nephew of ex-President Diaz at Vera Cruz was a complete surprise. So far it has only resulted in the interruption of the Mexican Railway Company's service. Further news is awaited with the keenest interest, as it is felt that the resumption of the Diaz régime would be beneficial to the Republic from the point of view of British investors. As to Argentine lines, the scheme of amalgamation of the three Cordoba companies has not met with entire approval from stockholders, but it is thought that mature consideration of the proposals will bring more favourable opinions. Other Argentine stocks have been sold by holders who saw more advantageous purchases elsewhere or were obliged to realise in order to meet speculative differences.

In the Mining markets Rio Tintos were very heavily sold, but the offerings were absorbed by influential interests. Weakness was also experienced in Diamond shares for a time, and Kaffirs were naturally under the influence of Continental happenings. Rubber shares were only slightly depressed for a time by realisations effected to meet losses in other departments, but here again the offerings were quickly absorbed. Oil shares have been particularly active, investment buying of such shares as Shells and Spies causing a speedy recovery. The chief feature was the almost sensational advance in Ural Caspians, bears being forced to cover by remarkably opportune—or inopportune—news of a gusher. Shares of commercial undertakings have been somewhat disposed to weakness. Prices depreciated during the general slump, but not sufficiently to invite a large volume of buying.

On the whole, the fears of serious financial trouble which were prevalent at the end of last week are no longer so generally entertained, but it has to be borne in mind that in spite of the recovery prices as a rule are still considerably below the last making-up.

COLD HASH AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S. By John Palmer.

SUPPOSE that every intelligent playgoer read between the lines of Mr. Frohman's announcement about Sir Arthur Pinero, Mr. Shaw, and Mr. Barrie as follows: "Ladies and gentlemen, I intend to force into production at my nursery of all the talents in S. Martin's Lane three celebrated authors. Sir Arthur Pinero, Mr. Shaw and Mr. Barrie need no introduction from me (Old Saw). They are familiar in our mouths as household words (Shakespeare). Some, like Sir Arthur Pinero, are born great (ibid.), and knighted in middle-age; others, like Mr. Shaw, who, to put it colloquially, has worked like a nigger at his reputation, achieve greatness (ibid.); others, like Mr. Barrie, who is far too modest to accept distinction in any other circumstances, have greatness thrust upon them (ibid.). Such as they are, with all their imperfections on their heads (ibid.), I am presenting them that you may at your sweet pleasure pass upon their reputations in a triple bill-a poor thing but mine own (ibid.). Pardon, gentles all, the flat unraised spirits that have dared on this unworthy scaffold to bring forth so great an object The authors will perform as usual'

The authors did perform as usual. The triple bill was an exhibition of samples. "If you like this sort of thing", said the triplice, "we can afford you unlimited quantities. It is simply a question of supply and demand. Families waited on nightly, punctually served, and inspection guaranteed." Mr. Shaw did not trouble to disguise how easily he can write a play by Mr. Shaw. Sir Arthur Pinero showed, as many times before, how clever he is at thoroughly exhausting an idea—and the audience. Mr. Barrie—well, Mr. Barrie drew from a nice-minded man the comment we always hear in one form or another at a Barrie play—"wonderfully charming: and how poignant! one smiles as one weeps, and one weeps as one smiles". Mr. Barrie has won a high place in English dramatic literature; the strong, silent Englishman blubbers aloud at his touch. On Monday evening Mr. Barrie just did it again to show that he has not yet lost the trick.

Mr. Shaw, in his one-act demonstration, shows a sort of insolence common to great authors of established reputation. He assumes that everybody has read his works. "Here", in effect says Mr. Shaw, "I give you Mr. Lunn and Mrs. Juno. They are very funny; and, of course, they are absolutely true to human nature. You would understand clearly enough how funny and true they are if you had read my previous works on family life, the Englishman's conscience, the truth about the sexes, and the honour of a gentleman. If to-night you are neither amused, nor impressed, you had better pretend to be so; for if you neither laugh at me, nor agree with me, you are simply making a public demonstration that you are uneducated. The best thing for you to do is to go home and purchase my works. You will thereafter plumb the bottomless

pit of your ignorance. You will observe that my little comedy arises quite naturally from the fact that, given the wicked pretences and false values upon which modern society is based, it invariably happens that an Englishman's so-called passions are at issue with his so-called sense of duty, and that the spectacle of their conflict is for the observer who knows that these distinctions are illogical and ridiculous perpetually a source of amusement. The terrible mess into which a modern amusement. The terrible mess into which a modern conversation invariably gets whenever a simple question of morality is being discussed is simply due to the fact that the Report of the Divorce Commission has not yet been issued; and that, when it is issued, it will be an entirely muddled and inadequate attempt to deal with a question of the completest simplicity. Read my preface to 'Getting Married'. Putting aside a question whose discussion might possibly lead me too far from the business in hand, I should like to point out that Mr. Lunn and Mrs. Juno are the people we meet in the Strand. They are quite ordinary English types. They are thoroughly stupid; except that, for dramatic purposes, they have a marvellous gift of selfcriticism and detachment-how else could they explain to us their stupidity? If you have read my works, you will immediately perceive that Mr. Lunn, like Mr. Tanner, is in the grip of the life-force. He has not so many brains as Mr. Tanner; his misgivings are not intellectual. But he had puritan ancestors, and -

But Mr. Shaw is only one of three; and space is limited. His demonstration is a collection of Shavian ana, interesting for the collector, but of no use for the literary epicure who will only endure an author at There are funnier, and even deeper, things his best. in Mr. Shaw's contribution to the triple bill than in Mr. Barrie's, or Sir Arthur Pinero's; but it is a careless, untidy little play where points miss fire because, as it seems to me, the author has relaxed the salutary self-discipline which made his "Fanny" not only a successful but a really well-finished production. Shaw seems, in his latest contribution to dramatic literature, to assume that the public will do his business for him-that they will meet him halfway to catch his meaning, and that therefore he need no longer be so careful to say what he has to say clearly and effectively.

Just as Mr. Shaw, as a sample of what he can do, resurrects Mr. Tanner (having dashed out his brains and given him puritan ancestors); so Mr. Barrie resurrects Sentimental Tommy (turning him into a middleaged woman of twenty-nine). It was an inspiration to turn Tommy into a woman; because it enabled the author to get Miss Irene Vanbrugh to play the part; and Miss Irene Vanbrugh in a Barrie play is, of course, irresistible for an English audience. Anyone who says a hard word about Mr. Barrie is a surly bear; and anyone who says a hard word about Miss Vanbrugh is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils. Certainly I do not wish to say a hard word about either Mr. Barrie or Miss Vanbrugh. Mr. Barrie's jokes were old when he discovered them; but I suppose that fundamentally there are not really more than half-a-dozen original jokes in the world. The charm (charm is the inevitable word: it is a word correctly used of authors you like when you don't know why you like them) of Mr. Barrie is in the eternal freshness of spirit with which he is able to repeat himself. There is only one joke in Mr. Barrie's comedy; but all experienced play-makers know that one joke used with economy and discretion is like the widow's cruse. The joke which we so thankfully enjoyed at the Duke of York's easily outlasted Mr. Barrie's share of the evening; nor was it excessively new or startling. Some women who are twenty-nine are never a year older until they are fifty-nine. That is the joke. But it is not to be forgotten that one smiles as one weeps and weeps as one smiles. This aspect of the comedy is really a part of the joke. Some women who are twenty-nine often feel sorry that they can never be a year older until they are fifty-nine. Sunt lacrimæ.

These remarks are not intended to be ill-natured. Though I have never actually blubbered, as strong

silent Englishmen frequently do when Mr. Barrie is toward, yet I have (figuratively) wept with Mr. Barrie. I have even smiled as I wept. But, with the intellectual snobbery without which it is impossible to preserve one's self-respect in a freely miseducated country, I thank heaven that I have had the wisdom to write myself down an ass on these occasions. One always knows, on reflection, that Mr. Barrie is wrong; but he rarely gives you time to discover this till you are out of the theatre. This is the true secret of successful play-making. Nobody had a chance on Monday evening. I should on this occasion have been too much for Mr. Barrie; but unfortunately Miss Vanbrugh was in the conspiracy. The combination was irresistible. I have regretfully to confess that Miss Vanbrugh, at any rate, is "charming"; and that she fully deserves to be the idol of her audience. But I rather doubt her accuracy when she tells us she has played at hide and seek with Will Shakespeare. Even Mr. Bernard Shaw would scarcely put forward so amazingly an impudent claim to personal familiarity with an author who, after all, was more than a player in the company of Richard

I am glad there is no space left for Sir Arthur Pinero. I should have to be so very rude.

FIFTY YEARS OF CHAMBER TRIOS. By John F. Runciman.

THE pianoforte trio—and unless the contrary is stated the term trio means no other kind-was, of course, the invention of the Viennese composers. these there were four who count-Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Schubert; these four are the only great composers who wrote in the Viennese idiom. Of the four two wrote trios that count at all, Beethoven and Schubert; and, pace the manes of Sir George Grove, of these two only Beethoven seriously counts. Haydn and Mozart wrote the most superb chamber music in the world for strings alone-is there anything to match the G minor quintet of Mozart for exquisite beauty and perfectly finished workmanship?-but as soon as they combined the piano with strings they became trivial. There are a few exceptions to this rule, but very few. Mozart composed many violin sonatas, but only half a dozen are worthy of his mighty genius; he failed to make the most of either instrument; and in the majority of cases the violin part could easily be arranged for the piano, and the work would lose nothing. Schubert, fine in his string quartets, was altogether too diffuse when he tackled what he evidently considered the bigger form of the trio; and a peculiar Viennese trick which I will describe presently afforded him chances of repeating himself endlessly with none but the most superficial variations. But Beethoven found in the trio a form that eminently suited him, and in that form we find much of his most glorious music. The trio had been a slight thing; he raised it to one of the greatest forms of art.

It helps us to understand the somewhat curious course this form took after his death if we glance at the reasons it grew up at all (though this may involve the repetition of something I have written It is probable that neither Haydn nor Mozart wrote anything for strings and piano unless it was wanted for some definite occasion. Haydn never saw the possibilities of the piano, and Mozart only realised them towards the end of his life. Neither made any use of what sustaining power it possesses; where Beethoven would have boldly written a long note, leaving us to hear it or imagine we hear it, they set down elaborate ornamental passages, playing, so to speak, round the note. Sustained notes they left to the strings: hence the piano at once became the dominating instrument-at any rate, it became much more prominent. To build up great passages in the Beethoven manner, or in the manner that both Haydn and Mozart were masters of in the quartet, was out of the question. The piano had to be kept incessantly moving, rushing about in scales and arpeggios, while

the strings got their best opportunities of showing off in slow melodies, where beauty of tone and expressive playing made an effect. Generally speaking, that is what they wanted to do in chamber-music with the piano. It served their turn: the pianist showed off in one way, and the fiddlers in another way; princely ears were delighted and everyone was satisfied. We must remember that these hosts of small compositions in this sense were nearly all intended for performance in the comparatively small salons of more or less wealthy patrons; the piano was small and feeble in tone; the string players had not the power of execution of the average student of two or three years' standing at the present day. For the sake of the patron's ears the Viennese device I have alluded to was practised. In a violin sonata, for instance, a theme is announced by, say, the violin with an accompaniment on the piano; then the violin takes the accompaniment and the piano the theme, the latter, if slow, being varied and broken up into ornamental passages to disguise the poverty Thus the patron heard the thing twice, and of tone. afterwards could perhaps be trusted to follow the remainder of the movement. Up to the end Beethoven used this somewhat mechanical trick, mainly in his violin sonatas; Schubert abused it shamefully, covering sheets of music-paper with barefaced repetitions with scarcely an attempt to make them look like genuine development passages.

That, however, is by the way. The meagre sonata form-which is also a kind of trio form-was taken up by Beethoven. Of course, we know how he amplified all the forms used by Mozart, and inevitably he did so with the trio. He had larger pianos to write for, pianos which could to a certain degree sustain the sound of the notes; and he did not, like Mozart, belong to the florid school of pianowriters, but was of those who sought to get effects of the utmost grandeur. In the violin sonatas, the 'cello sonatas, but chiefly in the trios, he strove his hardest to get breadth, fulness and volume, and contrasts of light and shade; he used the piano, not indeed as a substitute for the orchestra, but as an instrument with a character and capabilities of its own, a character and capabilities which he exploited to the full. Again, the art of violin playing was coming along apace; the violin virtuoso had appeared; and Beethoven could write violin passages which the previous generation would have regarded as too absurdly difficult ever to be worth learning. And, last, Beethoven wrote not primarily for the patron's ears. The patron indeed lived; but Beethoven was about the last musician to live on him. Beethoven had his eye not so much on the patron's salon as on the publisher and the concertroom-in a word, he wrote for the public, not the patron. All that the strings could give in brilliance he exacted from them; all that the piano could yield in sonority and resonance he demanded also; and thus he created an imposing form of art that would bear playing in comparatively large halls in place of the little anæmic productions of his predecessors—things that had to be tenderly treated in a small chamber. Beethoven's are the only trios that sound well in a large hall.

"Sound well", I say, because that is the test: trios that do not sound well in a large hall should not be played simply because their composer happened to be a great master. The trios written before Beethoven do not sound well; and, to come to the point on which I wish to insist to-day, neither do those written after him. The earlier ones are conceived on too small a scale, the later ones on too large a scale. As concert halls have got bigger and bigger the piano has been enlarged to fill them; while the 'cello and violin remain where they were. We have no longer three equal voices helping one another without fear or favour, but one noisy, obstreperous giant who occasionally, in a gracious mood, lowers his tones for a few minutes to let his companions be heard. On Wednesday three well-known artists, Thibaud, Casals and Bauer, gave one of their trio afternoons, illustrating what I have just said. It may be added that these concerts are a

continuation of those given a while back, the only difference being that Kreisler is replaced by Thibaud. The trio included Beethoven's D major trio, Brahms' in E flat, and Mendelssohn's in C minor. The Beethoven was magnificently played; the Brahms for the most part missed fire; and nothing better could have been done with the Mendelssohn. And the Beethoven sounded magnificent also, while the other two made scarcely any effect.

The Beethoven represents him at his finest. combination of fierce energy and sweetness in the first movement is remarkable even for Beethoven; for not only do the two moods alternate, but at times they blend mysteriously. The slow movement is even more mysterious, and reminds one of the introduction of the Rondo in the Waldstein piano sonata. The finale is perfectly lovely from beginning to end and on the whole cheerful, as though the composer had awakened from a bad dream to find a bright spring morning with the sun shining. What interested me chiefly, however, in listening to a masterpiece that I know by heart was the consummate skill with which piano, violin and 'cello work together to achieve a great result, each preserving its individuality. The fulness of the thing was wonderful; yet there was no muddiness, no overthickening of the inner parts-all was of a crystalline Next we heard Brahms, and it was all feebleness and mud. I am aware that it is an arrangement of the horn trio; but the part that is wrong is the piano. Either it is subdued to let the others speak, in which case it is feeble; or it smashes away with the idea of working up a big climax, in which case it is all mud-mud in which 'cello and fiddle are smothered. Listening to such music-though I admit the first three movements were not so well played as they might have been-one perceived that in, say, twenty years the trio escaped from the stunting atmosphere of the prince's salon to the free air of the concert hall, where it attained its full growth, and that in the fifty and odd which elapsed between the D major of Beethoven and the E flat of Brahms it has dwindled and perished again. About half-way through the period Mendelssohn's C minor trio was composed, and a very funny thing it is. It goes without saying that it contains some charming tunes and passages; but save in the literal sense that it is written for three instruments, it is not a trio at all. I have read in learned text-books that Mendelssohn's fault was treating the trio combination as a substitute for the orchestra; and greater nonsense was never talked. That is not the fault: the fault is that Mendelssohn, whether writing trios, quartets, pianopieces or symphonies-save the picturesque Scotch symphony-could not forget that he was a Jew psalm writer. If some of the parts of this trio were arranged for voices and some appropriate or inappropriate texts scattered about we should have a work fit to put along The abominable use, side of the "Lauda Sion". without rhyme or reason, of the chorale in the finale is characteristic. Such a composition is not in the line of development-development backward, however -of the trio since Beethoven. The Brahms is; and it shows that a good healthy process may be carried too far. Composers now must do one of two things: if they want to employ a huge modern grand piano in a huge hall, they must invent new instruments of at least ten times the shouting power of the present fiddle and 'cello; or they must write in the present style and have their works played with a smaller piano in a smaller room. A third plan might have its advantages: let us all start writing exactly as Beethoven wrote. Only it might not be easy to do, and at best we should stand still: we could only do again what Beethoven has done miraculously. I'm afraid the smaller piano and smaller concert-room is the only plan. Then the trio might come to life again: that is, sound well instead of merely looking like music in the score.

Just a word about the artists. Bauer and Casals played as finely as ever, but whether Thibaud will prove a success I cannot yet say. Either he suppresses himself too much or his tone is too thin and weak-too French, in fact.

MEREDITH'S LETTERS.

By Filson Young,

SOMETHING of Autumn, and the glory of fading leaves, lies in this collection of the personal writings of George Meredith.* A man's published letters are generally the last link that joins us with his external and material life; they speak to us with a kind of personal intimacy, like the things he has used, the chair he has sat in, his vacant place in the visible They are the garment of his individuality, woven of memories, and the clothing of his bodily appearance in the world of men; and when, like the clothes he wore, the memories enshrined in them begin to fade and perish, he may be said to have passed into history and taken his place finally with the dead.

To the public at large these letters of Meredith will be like the drawing aside of a curtain, the unveiling of a portrait of one whom they never knew in life. For Meredith kept himself personally in great seclusion; warm as was his heart for the world of men, the thing we call the public was generally hostile or indifferent to him, was never loved or cultivated by him; pitied, perhaps, but never regarded as a thing to be flattered or propitiated. As a result his life was his own, lived among his real friends, and they formed round him a kind of shield to protect him from prying eyes and the impertinences that would have vexed his sensitive nature. Now that he has gone, however, his son has very wisely realised that he has become the property of his country, and that there is a not inconsiderable public by whom he was held in high honour, and who have the right to some intimate glimpses of him now that it can no longer hurt him. The selection of letters is admirably made; in fact I do not remember seeing any collection of letters which in themselves told the story of a life, or all that is necessary for the public to know of it, so runningly and in such true colours. The editor has hardly written a word; the letters themselves unfold the story of the life from its earnest, strenuous Springtime to the golden Autumn and clear Winter in which it closed. The note of the life thus revealed was of a noble simplicity which has its lesson for our time, although it is a lesson not likely to be learned. Its mellow maturity, and the lateness with which anything like external success came in it, are comforting and inspiring in a day when men grow old at forty and women grow young at fifty; and literary men especially should take notice of his word to Stevenson, "Take my advice, defer ambition, and let all go easy with you until you count forty: then lash out from full stores". Of Meredith himself it would be true to say that he did not so much defer ambition, as that word is generally understood, as abandon it and put entirely from his mind any notion of success as measured by the standards of the day. And it was thus that his best work was done.

One of the greatest charms of this book is the record it contains of his friendships-not all of them, but some of them. Notable among these the letters to Lord Morley are easily first as the expression of a close and beautiful affection. The rollicking fun in the letters to William Hardman that remind one of the now muti-lated Franko in "Evan Harrington" strike a quite different and a lighter, though not more happy note; the letters to Admiral Maxse are full of vigorous comment on the people and things of the hour; but it was to Morley that he wrote most fully of things eternal, of the strokes that befell him, and of his hope and courage in spite of them. Concerning his life at Boxhill immediately after his wife's death is a passage not to be commented upon, but to be read with a certain grateful reverence:

"This place of withered recollections is like an old life to be lived again without sunshine. I cross and recross it. Sharp spikes where flowers were. Death is death, as you say, but I get to her by consulting her thoughts and wishes—and so she lives in me.

[&]quot;The Letters of George Meredith." Collected and edited by is Son. Two vols. London: Constable. 1912. 21s.

if one has the strength of soul, brings a spirit to us. I feel the blow as I get more distant from it. she lingered I could not hope for it to last, and now I could crave any of the latest signs of her breathinga weakness of my flesh. When the mind shall be steadier, I shall have her calmly present—past all

One of the most nobly pathetic things which the book affords is the contrast between the splendid activity, joy in the natural life of youth, and delight in strenuous sensation of the early days, and the deprivation and helplessness and enforced inactivity of old age. haps the most poignant expression of it is to be found in his last letter to Leslie Stephen, then at the point of death. "We who have loved the motion of legs and the sweep of the winds, we come to this. But for myself, I will own that it is the Natural order. There is no irony in Nature." And a month or two earlier he had written, "I find nothing to regret in the going, at my age, and only a laughing snarl as I look about upon the deprivations which make the going easy'

I am of the generation that came too late to know Meredith personally in his prime, and had such veneration for him that the desire to look upon and speak with him was repressed as being too much in the nature of a curiosity shared by the vulgar, and an intrusion upon dignified and sorrowful old age. When I read the passage which I have just quoted I was glad from my heart that I never availed myself of any of the chances that offered to bring myself personally to his notice or invade his solitude. I remember one day in the early Spring of 1904 (and possibly the very day on which that letter to Stephen was written) I was coming down Boxhill beside his cottage and saw the grand, forlorn old figure seated in his donkey chair turning in at the gate of the cottage. I had every excuse to speak to him, for Admiral Maxse had spoken of me to him, and I was one of the last who had seen that old friend But a sense of decency and reverence held of his alive. me back; I looked upon him with awe, as though I had come unawares upon something that should have been sacred, mysterious and veiled. He was of all living men the one I most reverenced. Half of me longed to go and kneel at his feet; the other half, and what I am glad to think now was a truer instinct and a greater reverence, held me back; and I paused out of his sight till the little procession had turned in at the gate. And I can never be glad enough that I did so, when I think that on that very day he may have written those tragic words, "We-we come to this"

The happiest things that the world gave him were probably his friendships with women, from the devotion of his wife and daughter to the numerous friends that he made in old age, especially among the young and beautiful of the coming generation. Most notable are his letters to Lady Ulrica Baring in her girlhood, to Mrs. Walter Palmer, to Lady Lewis and her daughters, to Mrs. Christopher Wilson, Mrs. Meynell, and his daughter, Mrs. Sturgis, both before and after her marriage. One could fill columns by quoting from them, but they are things to be read in their entirety. One perfect utterance, addressed to Lady Lytton, may, however, be quoted, since it is complete in itself and

contains a universal message:

There is no consolation for a weeping heart. Only the mind can help it, when the showers have passed I might be of use in talking with you. As it is, I do not know how far you have advanced in the comprehension of Life. I can but pray that you may be strengthened to bear what blows befall you, and ask for fortitude. This is the lesson for the young, that whatever the heart clings to lays it open to grief, of necessity in such a world as ours; and whatever the soul embraces gives peace and is permanent. But that comes to us after many battles-or only to the strong mind which does not require them for enlightenment.

It is curious to notice how deep his early unpopularity had bitten into Meredith's soul, so that it was long before he realised the genuine reverence and devotion with which he came to be regarded by a whole

generation of men of letters. Apparently he never believed it until long after it was an accomplished fact; could not understand that the world should really take any interest in him or pay much heed to his voice, even at the time when his teaching and outlook upon life were influencing all that was best in the younger generation. It is consoling to think that he did realise this before he died, and that although he had long outlived the age when recognition or applause could be of much value to him, the address of congratulation on his eightieth birthday did reveal to him unmistak-ably the place he held in the hearts and esteem of his fellow-men. I think that the final impressions left by this admirable collection of letters on the general reader will be one of profound gratitude to his friends and to those whose task it was more intimately to care for He was entirely dependent on them for his human happiness; they stood in place of the larger world; and they fulfilled their privilege and their trust in a manner which, seeing the response it evoked from him, must have been more than its own reward.

LETTERS FROM WILDER SPAIN. BY COLONEL WILLOUGHBY VERNER. THE MYSTERIOUS CAVE REVISITED.

(In two letters.)

URING the past week I have had staying with me the Abbé Henri Breuil, the famous professor of human palæontology in Paris, whose recent discoveries of rock-paintings in Wales, in company with Professor Sollas, of Oxford, have attracted so much attention. Last spring the Abbé paid me a visit at Algeciras with a view to examine the cave which I described in the SATURDAY REVIEW last autumn, and I took advantage of his visit to this country to show him my notes on the explorations we had made together. Since these shed a little light on several of the things which puzzled me, and probably some of my readers also in my former letters, I shall now, with the Abbé's approval, endeavour to describe what we saw.

After the issue of the Annual Report of the College of Surgeons in 1910, in which the bones found in the cave were described "as belonging to a remarkable race of pre-historic man", I received letters from various quarters asking for further particulars. Professor Arthur Keith's references to my cave in his lectures on "The Evolution of Man" in 1910 and his paper on recently discovered remains of pre-historic man which he read before the British Association in 1911 brought me further inquiries. Lastly the articles in the SATURDAY REVIEW attracted the attention of others. When, in 1910, I first succeeded in pene-trating into the depths of the cave, although I had, like many people, heard of the Bushmen's drawings in South Africa and of certain interesting discoveries in Central France and Northern Spain of a somewhat similar nature, I had never seen a scientific report on the subject. But subsequently I was shown at the British Museum the remarkable sketches and photographs which illustrate the various monographs by the Abbé Henri Breuil on the caverns he had explored during recent years. Foremost among these were the marvellous drawings of bison and other animals in the cave of Altamira near Santander in Northern Spain, published in 1904. From a study of these it was perfectly clear that I had been fortunate enough to hit upon what might possibly prove to be a useful link in the history of the mysterious race of rockartists who have left records of their skill in such widely separated points on the earth's surface as Western Siberia, France, Northern Spain, Oran in Northern Africa, the Sahara, and last and strangest of all, near the Cape of Good Hope.

Of peculiar interest to me was a remark I came across in one account of these cave drawings in France to the effect that no doubt some day the pre-historic race who drew the pictures would be traced through Spain and across the Straits of Gibraltar to the caves in Northern

Africa. For my subsequent discovery in the Serrania of Ronda, some five hundred miles south of Santander and about half that distance west of Oran, was a proof of the accuracy of this forecast. Since 1910 similar discoveries near Albacete, some three hundred miles east of my cave, have forged yet another link in the chain of communication from Périgueux in France to Algiers.

From all I read it seemed that without question the proper person to explore my cave and form a just opinion of the value of its contents was the Abbé Breuil. It was therefore with no little satisfaction that last November I received a letter from M. Breuil, written from the Institut de Paléontologie in Paris, saying he would much like to visit my cave and asking me if I would conduct him thither. Before many days I had arranged for the Abbé to come to me in the spring.

Mindful of the difficulties I had experienced in gaining access to the cave on former occasions owing to the lack of suitable appliances, I impressed upon the Abbé the importance of having plenty of ropes and some ropeladders, and this more especially since I was naturally unaware of the degree of proficiency in rock climbing possessed by him and his companions.

So it came about that in the middle of March the Abbé arrived at Algeciras, having been engaged in examining a series of recently discovered rock-shelters near Albacete, Velez Blanco and Jaen, on his way from Paris. With him came Dr. Hugo Obermaier, a Bavarian savant, also a professor at the Institut de Paléontologie of Paris, and Señor Juan Cabré, from Madrid. Cabré is a most skilful young artist and photographer, who has already done much excellent work with the Abbé in various caverns and rock-shelters in other parts of

On 20 March we started on our expedition and established ourselves in a small house within two hours' There had been unusually heavy march of the cave. rains and floods in Andalusia during the months of January and February, the actual rainfall in the Sierras, where we proposed to work, having been over thirty inches between 1 January and 1 March. Hence I was fully prepared to find the caves extremely wet, but here we were agreeably surprised, for we found them considerably drier than on any previous occasion when I had visited them. Our equipment was complete. For climbing we had one rope-ladder of 50 feet, two of 40 feet, and 160 feet of 12-inch Alpine rope, also plenty of spare rope and stout cod-line. For lighting up the caverns we had brought six acetylene lamps, and for photographing the pictures two half-plate cameras and the necessary appliances for colour photography. we had 300 métres of tracing paper wherewith to obtain accurate impressions of the marvellous drawings. It took some time to convey this mass of equipment and stores up the 300 feet of steep broken rocks which, after we had unloaded our donkeys, separated us from the entrance to the cave.

Throughout the process of rigging up our ladders and ropes it was interesting and instructive to compare the actual heights and depths as well as the widths of the subterranean ravines and gullies, as now ascertained by the inexorable accuracy of ladder-lengths and fathoms of cordage, with the estimated dimensions made two years before, when all that lay before us was unknown and wrapped in the profound gloom of the shadows of the crags. And here a surprise awaited me. Thus what I had described as a "clear drop of twenty feet" from the "window" to the first landing-stage below took over thirty feet of rope-ladder, whilst the second precipice at the end of the steep slope below it required the whole forty feet of our second ladder.

Having crossed the ravine and reached the foot of the opposite cliff, we soon got a line up it, with the aid of which we rigged up our third ladder. Here again we found a fifty-foot ladder none too long to enable us to climb a crag I had estimated to be forty feet. We now passed a cod-line from the "window" to the summit of the cliff we were on, and hauled across our long Alpine rope and made fast the end to a great mass of stalagmite, which I described as "a natural bollard" in my second letter of last autumn. We found to our surprise that the total width from the "window" entrance of the gallery where we stood took about one hundred feet of rope, or about double what I had reckoned the span to be in the dim uncertain light last

Once the line was across it was a simple matter to slip on a block and traveller and thus establish a flying The rest was easy enough; all the weighty cameras, tripods, acetylene lamps, tins of carbide, extra ropes and other accessories were quickly run across the deep gully, which at the actual point of passage is over seventy feet in depth, and before long we had assembled the whole party at the entrance to the gallery leading to the main series of caverns containing the pictures.

As it is the intention of the Abbé Breuil to publish an illustrated monograph on the pictures and symbols we saw in these caverns, I shall confine myself here to describing the general explorations of the cave and to giving a few explanations of matters which perplexed me sorely on the occasions of my earlier visits, and which may perhaps equally have perplexed those who read my letters.

It is superfluous to dilate upon the intense fascination of visiting such an extraordinary place with a man possessed of the Abbé's knowledge and experience, and I will merely say that his explanations of some of the most mysterious of the problems which had presented themselves in former visits were as ready as they were simple and as simple as they were convincing. the curious rings and circular pits of clean flaked limestone which I had noticed in the arched roofs of the caverns and galleries, which may be described as inverted "pot-holes", he ascribed to water action in remote ages and to torrential water action. With regard to the vexed problem as to how people could see to draw the mystic signs and pictures in spots where it was quite certain no glimmer of light could ever enter, he was positive that the draughtsmen must have had artificial light, "and good lights too", and he assured me that his many explorations in other similar caverns had led him to this conclusion. He justly ridiculed the fantastic theory that these pre-historic races could "see in the dark ", as has been lightly advanced by some, and pointed out the absurdity of such an idea. He admitted that wild animals and certain wild tribes can, no doubt, sec far better than can we when the light is bad, but that is a totally different matter from "seeing in the dark" As to the signification of the weird marks and 'letras'', he could give no opinion. But he had met with very similar ones in other caverns and rockshelters, and in some instances they bore signs of being the earlier forms or indications of drawings of a more complete nature.

With reference to the pigments employed, he agreed that the black was some preparation from charcoal, and that the red and the yellow were some forms of ochre. But what I had described as "slate-blue" he pointed out to me was really black which had been coated with a crystallised lime deposit and thus acquired a somewhat blue tint. With this one exception he gave his approval to all that I had written last year, which naturally was extremely gratifying.

THREE TALES.

By LORD DUNSANY.

I .- FURROW-MAKER.

HE was all in black, but his friend was dressed in brown-members of two old families.

"Is there any change in the way you build your houses?" said he in black.

"No change", said the other. "And you?"
"We change not", he said.

A man went by in the distance riding a bicycle.
"He is always changing", said the one in black,
"of late almost every century. He is uneasy. Always

"He changes the way he builds his house, does he not?" said the brown one.

"So my family say", said the other. "They say he has changed of late."

"They say he takes much to cities?" the brown

one said.

"My cousin who lives in belfries tells me so", said the black one. "He says he is much in cities."

"And there he grows lean?" said the brown one.

"Yes, he grows lean."

"Is it true what they say?" said the brown one.
"Caw", said the black one.

"Is it true that he cannot live many centuries?"
"No, no", said the black one. "Furrow-maker "No, no", said the black one. "Furrow-maker will not die. We must not lose Furrow-maker. He has been foolish of late; he has played with smoke and is sick. His engines have wearied him and his cities are evil. Yes, he is very sick. But in a few centuries he will forget his folly and we shall not lose Furrowmaker. Time out of mind he has delved and my family have got their food from the raw earth behind him. He will not die."
"But they say, do they not", said the brown one,

"his cities are noisome, and that he grows sick in them and can run no longer, and that it is with him as it is with us when we grow too many, and the grass has the bitter taste in the rainy season, and our young

grow bloated and die?"

"Who says it?" replied the black one.
"Pigeon", the brown one answered. "He came back all dirty. And Hare went down to the edge of the cities once. He says it too. Man was too sick to cities once. He says it too. Man was too sick to chase him. He thinks that Man will die, and his wicked friend Dog with him. Dog! He will die. That nasty fellow Dog. He will die too, the dirty fellow!"
"Pigeon and Hare!" said the black one.

shall not lose Furrow-maker."

"Who told you he will not die?" his brown friend

"Who told me!" the black one said. "My family and his have understood each other time out of mind. We know what follies will kill each other and what each may survive, and I say that Furrow-maker will not die."

"He will die", said the brown one. "Caw", said the other.

And Man said in his heart: "Just one invention more. There is something I want to do with petrol yet, and then I will give it all up and go back to the woods."

II.-LOBSTER SALAD.

I was climbing round the perilous outside of the Palace of Colquonhombros. So far below me that in the tranquil twilight and clear air of those lands I could only barely see them, lay the craggy tops of the mountains. It was along no battlements or terrace edge I was climbing, but on the sheer face of the wall itself, getting what foothold I could where the boulders joined. Had my feet been bare I was done, but though I was in my nightshirt I had on stout leather boots, and their edges somehow held in those narrow cracks. My fingers and wrists were aching. Had it been possible to stop for a moment I might have been lured to give a second look at the fearful peaks of the mountains down there in the twilight, and this must have been fatal.

That the thing was all a dream is beside the point. We have fallen in dreams before, but it is well known that if in one of those falls you ever hit the groundyou die: I had looked at those menacing mountain-tops, and knew well that such a fall as the one I feared must have such a termination. Then I went on.

It is strange what different sensations there can be in different boulders-every one gleaming with the same white light and every one chosen to match the rest by the minions of ancient kings-when your life depends on the edges of every one you come to. Those edges seemed strangely different. It was of no avail to overcome the terror of one, for the next would give

you a hold in quite a different way or hand you over to death in a different manner. Some were too sharp to hold and some too flush with the wall; those whose hold was the best crumbled the soonest; each rock had its different terror, and then there were those things that followed behind me.

And at last I came to a breach made long ago by earthquake, lightning, or war: I should have had to go down a thousand feet to get round it and they would come up with me while I was doing that, for certain sable apes that I have not mentioned as yet, things that had tigrish teeth and were born and bred on that wall, had pursued me all the evening. In any case I could have gone no further, nor did I know what the king would do along whose wall I was climbing. It was time to drop and be done with it or stop and await those apes.

And then it was that I remembered a pin, thrown carelessly down out of an evening-tie in another world from the one where grew that glittering wall, and lying now, if no evil chance had removed it, on a chest of drawers by my bed. The apes were very close, and hurrying, for they knew my fingers were slipping, and the cruel peaks of those infernal mountains seemed surer of me than the apes. I reached out with a des-

chest of drawers. I groped about. I found it! I ran it into my arm. Saved!

III.-EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY.

perate effort of will towards where the pin lay on the

The poet travelled so far from his native land that he came at last to the country where poets have honour.

And there he met with a ruffian.

And the faces of the ruffian and the poet were so much alike that they might have been brothers. Therefore they talked together. And the ruffian asked the poet what he was. And the poet answered him: "I am only a poet, and I make verses, but none cares for

And the ruffian said: "In this country poets have honour "

And the poet said to the ruffian: "What are you?" And the ruffian said: "I am a common ruffian. I go into houses and set the husband against the wife or stir up strife amongst the children. Or I go out into the fields to put hatred into the labourer's heart and make the servant rise against his master. And sometimes I make men to curse their lot and bring discontent among them. It is my amusement"

And the poet said to him: "Why do you do these

things?"

And the ruffian said again: "It is my amusement.

Men are made in all manner of ways ".

And suddenly the poet seized him by the wrist: "Quick", he said, "let us change, for we are like in face so that we might be brothers, and in this country you say that poets have honour! And in my country such men as you are in high places and get great wealth and verily they have much honour".

And the eyes of the ruffian twinkled for he was a greedy man; and he and the poet changed places there and then; and in that far country the poet at last had honour, and the other has dwelt in our midst for many years. Reader, I dare not tell you his honoured name.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ULSTER AND HOME RULE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR-I lately noticed an article in a Liberal contemporary entitled "Fallacies About Ulster' heading was undoubtedly justified, at least if we class suppressio veri and suggestio falsi among fallacies. But as statements of the same kind are pretty frequently resorted to in support of a Government to which plain, unvarnished truth is unacceptable I wish to disprove a few of the most common misstatements.

That the majority of Protestants are Unionists and the majority of Catholics Home Rulers is admitted, and

hence it is not unfair to use the religious census of Ulster as a rough approximation to the numbers of the Unionists and Home Rulers in that locality. It is true, indeed, that the claim made on behalf of Ulster is in the mouth of most of its advocates not intended to extend to the whole of the province which bears that namethe Irish provinces having long ceased to indicate anything more than a geographical distinction; but as they have not defined its extent I cannot object to the Home Rulers referring to the whole province in their arguments. But when they go on to tell us that the number of Catholics and non-Catholics in the province are nearly equal there is at all events a suggestio falsi. The Province of Ulster has a population, according to the census return (which the author of the article to which I refer had evidently read), of 1,581,696, of whom 690,816 are Catholics, leaving 891,080 non-Catholics a majority for the latter of 200,264. This is more than one-eighth of the total population of the Province, so that the non-Catholics constitute more than five-eighths and the Catholics only three-eighths of the inhabitants. The writer sets down the two counties of Tyrone and Fermanagh as undoubtedly Catholic, though the percentage of Catholics in these counties is less than the percentage of non-Catholics in Ulster taken as a whole.

The article further insists that there is only a non-Catholic majority in four of the nine counties of Ulster, while there is a Catholic majority in five counties. He quietly passes over the town of Belfast, whose population is considerably larger than that of the two largest Catholic counties put together. The non-Catholics are not only in a majority as regards the province as a whole, but in more than half of it, if we reckon not by superficial extent but by population. Then, by way of further belittling the proposed resistance of Ulster, the writer says that the province contains only 770,000 males, and that half of these are Catholics. The census return shows the number of Catholic males, viz. 339,576. Substracting this from the total number of males in the province (770,862) we obtain for the non-

Catholic males 431,286.

But we are told that there are a number of Protestant Home Rulers (taking care to say nothing of Catholic Unionists), and in proof, I presume, that the Home Rulers are stronger than the Protestants, attention is called to the fact that Ulster at present returns sixteen Nationalist M.P.s to seventeen Unionists. In answer to this I shall cite the figures relating to the various constituencies, which will show clearly that the (almost) equality in the numbers results from inequalities of representation, and that in fact the population of the Unionist constituencies exceeds the number of Protestants in the province. Here are the constituencies in order of population: East Belfast (Unionist), population 135,788, electorate 17,176; North Belfast (Unionist), population 101,699, electorate 12,726; South Belfast (Unionist), population 81,179, electorate 11,111; West Belfast (Nationalist), population 67,156, electorate 9315; North Down (Unionist), population 59,879, electorate 9798; East Antrim (Unionist), population 53,700, electorate 8951; North Londonderry (Unionist), population 52,957, electorate 9349; South Antrim (Unionist), population 49,149, electorate 9645; East Down (Unionist), population 47,390, electorate 7870; West Cavan (Nationalist), population 46,958, electorate 8677; South Londonderry (Unionist), population 46,888, electorate 8172; West Donegal (Nationalist), population 46,339, electorate 6522; North Armagh (Unionist), population 46,048, electorate 7609; South Down (Nationalist), population 45,826, electorate 7758; Mid Antrim (Unionist), population 44,405, electorate 7230; East Cavan (Nationalist), population 44,215, electorate 8992; North Antrim (Unionist), population 43,487, electorate 7486; West Down (Unionist), population 42,750, electorate 8258; South Donegal (Nationalist), population 41,490, electorate 5898; North Donegal (Nationalist), population 41,065, electorate 6638; Londonderry Town (Unionist), population 40,780, electorate 5264; East Donegal (Nationalist), population 39,643, electorate 6577; Mid-Armagh (Unionist), population

39,495, electorate 7135; East Tyrone (Nationalist), population 37,509, electorate 6695; North Tyrone (Nationalist), population 36,805, electorate 6551; North Monaghan (Nationalist), population 36,512, electorate 6383; Mid-Tyrone (Nationalist), population 35,695, electorate 6572; South Monaghan (Nationalist), population 34,043, electorate 6826; South Armorth population 34,943, electorate 6886; South Armagh, Nationalist), population 34,311, electorate 6407; South Tyrone (Unionist), population 32,656, electorate 6256; North Fermanagh (Unionist), population 31,104, electorate 4968; South Fermanagh (Nationalist), population 30,782, electorate 5282; Newry (Nationalist), population 12,841, electorate 1837. (I have reckoned Mr. Russell, M.P. for North Tyrone as a Nationalist, but he is in fact a Liberal, and could vote for the exclusion of Ulster if the Government favoured it.)

These figures speak for themselves. Almost all the large constituencies return Unionists, while the small ones return Nationalists. The first ten in point of population include eight Unionists; the last ten only The constituency which leads the list contains more than double the population of any Nationalist con-The constituencies which return Unionists stituency. have in all a population of 949,906, while those which return Nationalists have a population of 631,790 only -a larger majority for Unionism than we might have inferred from the relative numbers of Catholics and non-Catholics. The Unionist members represent about 149,000 electors; the Nationalist members about 106,000.

It is unfortunate that the distribution of seats in Ireland should be so faulty at a period when it is so important that this distribution should be perfectly fair. Ulster, moreover, is somewhat short of its proper number of members as compared with the rest of Ireland.

Yours truly

OBSERVER.

THE ULSTER DILEMMA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Mitchelstown Rectory, 14 October 1912.

SIR-As regards "safeguards", would not one of the best "safeguards" for Ulster Unionists in the new Irish Parliament, should it become an accomplished fact, be their own presence in it and participation in its transactions? Not to speak of others, would not the action of Sir Edward Carson and the pation in its transactions? Right Hon. James Campbell in it make itself profoundly felt? Everyone accustomed to public assemblies and committees knows, and knows well, that abilities always tell. Both these leaders have conspicuous abilities and would undeniably make their influence felt. Then why should they let their case go by default? Surely Nationalists have too much good sense to try to crush any existing flourishing Irish industries, not to put it on any higher ground-they are not criminal lunatics.

The following dilemma is worth consideration. has, indeed, been suggested and outlined by Mr. Lloyd George in a recent debate, but it ought to be reimpressed. Ulster Unionists say Irish Home Rule was not fairly and squarely before the country at the last General Election. Therefore the present House does not really represent their views regarding it. a disputed point. But the contention of Protestant Ulster during Ulster Week was not this, but the assertion that in no shape or form would Protestant Ulster accept Home Rule. Well suppose, for the sake of argument, that the Government resign and come back to office. How would the case then stand? Would the issue be then more plain and undeniable and unquestionable? This is no impossible and incredible hypothesis. Suppose Mr. Asquith back in office with the same or a larger majority than at present. What would Ulster then say? She could no longer repeat the objection about his being in power without a mandate from the country to concede Home Rule. then her assertion stands that she will have no Home Rule in any shape or form. She considers herself

independent of parliamentary majorities. Emperor Sigismund declared himself "Supra Grammaticam", she declares herself "Supra Parlamentum". Is this a logical and constitutional position? I am yours truly

COURTENAY MOORE.

THE MISREPRESENTATION OF IRELAND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Belfast, 14 October 1912.

SIR-I trust you will be so good as to afford me space to give the facts as to the misrepresentation of Ireland in the Imperial Parliament. The Protestants and Unionists are more than one to three of the Roman The Protestants who are Catholics and Nationalists. not Unionists are negligible, but noisy, while the Roman Catholics who are not Nationalists are considerable, but in the main silent because intimidated. While the Nationalists are less than three to one, they are represented in Parliament in the proportion of almost exactly five to one, if we exclude the Dublin University representation. How was this misrepresentation effected? In 1885 when Mr. Gladstone was contemplating a change of policy, a certain astute Liberal politician was deputed to gerrymander the Irish representation in the interests of the Nationalists. He carved out the new constituencies in such a manner as to over-represent the other three provinces at the expense of Ulster. This was not enough, so he proceeded to over-represent the Nationalists in Ulster at the expense of the Unionists. For instance, the three counties of Belfast, Antrim, and Down should at the present time return eighteen members, of which one might, with difficulty, be a Nationalist, whereas by the gerrymandering process there are three Nationalists out The politician referred to divided the of thirteen. counties of Ulster in such a way as to return the maximum possible of Nationalists. A revising barrister told me some years ago that while revising the elec-toral list for East Donegal he discovered that there was a mountain parish, containing some hundreds of Nationalist voters, thrown into the constituency to overbear the Unionists, although it had no connexion with The consequence is that a Nationalist with a small majority has sat for that division ever since redistribution.

Mr. Bonar Law has promised to revise the representation of Ireland. This, it is now admitted by Conservatives, ought to have been done in the last Parlia-Deprived of fair representation the Protestants of Ireland say they will face the perils of civil war to vindicate their claims rather than submit to legislation devised for their destruction by the Nationalists and their Radical allies behind the backs of the people.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully VERBUM SAP.

UNIONIST LAND POLICY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Thurlow Suffolk

29 September 1912.

SIR-I quite appreciate the point of your criticism, but would, in rejoinder, ask why, if our English system of land tenure is satisfactory, interfere with it at all? or, if it be unsatisfactory, why advocate only partial amendment?

As for there being room for two rival systems of land tenure, I would point out that the area of cultivable land in this country is too small to permit of their existing side by side, especially if the one is to be aided and abetted by the State and the other discountenanced. When politicians tell us that they mean not to supplant but to supplement, all of us who have read history know that their intentions will have no sort of effect upon the result. What they do matters much. What they say matters not at all.

The truth is that if our land system is to be revolutionised the change will be either in the direction of nationalisation-in regard to which a beginning has been made under the Small Holdings Act—or in that of peasant proprietorship. The idea that you can do something for the farmer without doing a good deal more for the labourer who works under him is, as I venture to think, quite futile, for the agricultural workers would never tolerate such partiality. Take the case of a man farming 300 acres and employing six men. Does anyone doubt that in case of the farmer being helped by the State to buy his holding the labourers will at once ask, "Where do we come in?" in, in the end, they most certainly would, probably to the tune of twenty acres each, with destruction to the farm as an economic unit. In other words, if you once start a land revolution on Mr. Jesse Collings' lines the labourer will speedily oust the farmer.

As for the yeoman of the days of yore, we really need to know more about him. There is something singularly attractive in the picture of the English bowman of the Middle Ages, with his infinite pluck and his limited commissariat. When we read that "Each on his back a slender store-His forty days' provisions bore", we understand that war in the days of Creçy and Agincourt was a comparatively simple business; but this does not explain why the yeoman was content to live on the shortest of commons and risk life and limb in the French wars. History, however, makes it clear that he had, willy-nilly, to follow his lord, and was, therefore, not a freeholder at all in the modern

sense.

Yours faithfully

C. F. RYDER.

STATE-AIDED IMPORTS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

7 October 1912.

SIR-It is not pleasant to criticise one's friends; but Mr. J. W. Biggs, in his reply to Mr. Morgan's absurdities, makes a statement which simply clamours for the pillory. He says that "every year will see more and more untaxed wheat coming into this country and more being grown here "-an assertion which carries its own refutation writ large upon its face. Mr. Biggs is presumably attempting what the Tariff Reform League has never yet ventured upon, namely, the formulation of a definite policy; and it is not sur-prising that he has come a cropper. The Tariff Reform League exists confessedly for the protection of British industries, but it deliberately excludes agriculture, the most important industry of all, from the scope of its operations. In other words, we are to continue subsidising colonial wheat-growers by remitting our market toll, while our own farmers are heavily taxed for the upkeep and protection of that market. Could anything be more unfair or suicidal? Of what particular use is cheap food if it merely means extra taxation, unless we adopt the Socialist creed that the poor should pay nothing at all to the State and should receive its benefits without contributing a penny towards the cost? If Tariff Reform, Sir, is to succeed it must give up juggling for votes, clap an equivalent tax on all im-ported food, and frankly call itself

PROTECTION.

ANGLO-AMERICANISM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

75 Victoria Street Toronto 27 September 1912.

SIR-Many public men from your side of the water, when visiting the United States, are in the habit, either through interviewers or by public speech, of ex-pressing a wish for a closer alliance between the English-speaking peoples. All such talk annoys and embarrasses us in Canada, where we are better acquainted with our neighbours than are your people, and only serves to minister to the overweening vanity of that nation, who regard these sentimental appeals as signs of weakness—a lack of self-reliance—and are thus strengthened in their opinion that the British Empire is tottering to its fall. What has the Empire gained by sending the author of a pandering Americanophil book as ambassador to the United States? Witness the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty fiasco! Were Great Britain to reply by signifying her neutrality as regards the Monroe Doctrine, it would enhance her prestige in America and at the same time relieve her of German resentment.

I am yours obediently

J. Hobson.

WILLIAM BOOTH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

S. Stephen's Club Westminster S.W. 4 October 1912.

SIR—About fifteen years ago I became (on the principle of spoiling the Egyptians) medical officer to the Salvation Army's insurance scheme at Folkestone. When Self-denial Week came round the Army's representative called upon me to contribute. As a Churchman I did not feel disposed to assist the Salvation warriors in denying themselves, any more than I should have thought of appealing to them to augment my personal Lenten savings, and therefore I declined. Result: appointment cancelled.

Yours faithfully H. A. Powell M.A. (Oxon), M.R.C.S. (Eng.) etc.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

S. Mary's, Derby Road Bournemouth 21 September 1912.

SIR—Inspired by an article of Mr. C. H. Collins Baker in the Saturday Review of 3 August, my friend Signor Alessandro Piceller has dilated upon the subject of "The Walpole Society for Promoting the Study of British Art". He writes especially in the "Corriere d'Italia" (Rome) of 14 September upon "Italian Painters and Sculptors of the Thirteenth Century in London". Signor Piceller refers to Jacopo di Lorenzo, born A.D. 1070, the first of four generations who, after working laboriously in Italy, migrated to England and became pioneers of the fine arts then making headway there.

The first herald of Italian progress arrived in England at the beginning of the second half of the thirteenth century in the person of the Roman sculptor Pietro di Oderisio, who carved two royal sarcophagi in the famous Abbey of Westminster, erected by Edward the Confessor in the eleventh century. Later followed him Pietro Cavallini, his compatriot, accompanied by Abbot Ware, according to the historians Neal and Brayley, who cite the words of the inscription in their illustration of the ancient Abbey:

"Hoc opus est factum quod Petrus duxit in actum Romanus Civis. . . . Causam noscere si vis Rex fuit Enricus Sancti presentis amicus".

Thus sentiments of brotherhood, which bind all artists together by sympathetic ties, led to these two Romans calling to their help a third fellow-countryman, a certain William of Florence, a painter perhaps unknown till now by art critics.

My friend writes me that this name is a "true revelation" published in the SATURDAY REVIEW from the pen of Mr. C. H. Collins Baker, which I had the good fortune to bring to his notice. Henry III., he repeats, was a splendid patron of the fine arts, and gloried to gather round him circa A.D. 1270 the best artists of all nations to enrich with frescoes the chapel of S. Faith at Westminster. Among the English painters Mr.

Collins Baker includes Frate Guglielmo da Westminster and Maestro Gualtiero di Durham, both of them contemporaries of Giotto and Cimabue and Giovanni di S. Omero of France, and Pietro of Spain.

Like Mr. Collins Baker, Signor Piceller dwells on the contrast of styles due to what he terms "different atmospheric influences and nationalities", affording, as he says, valuable opportunities for those modern Italian, French, and Spanish students of art who visit at Westminster the ancient international competition ("Concorso") of the primitive painters of six and a half centuries ago. Vasari, Crowe and Cavalcaselle, and the happily still living Basilio Magni (several of whose letters I treasure written to me four or five years since) are silent on the history of William of Florence, named among the fresco painters in our Walhalla. Signor Piceller truly describes this "Italian primitive" as an important discovery, and I hope more will be learnt concerning him.

WILLIAM MERCER.

"THE MANY-WINTERED CROW."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Singapore, 20 September 1912.

SIR—I have just received your two issues of 24 and 31 August, containing under the above heading five letters in all, professing to defend Tennyson's use of the word "crow" for "rook", which I had given in my letter printed in your issue of the 17th id. as an instance of a great author's mistake. If it is not too late, may I reply?

Every one of these letters seems to admit that to call a rook a crow is a mistake; but it is argued to be a permissible mistake (and even to show "curious accuracy"), because it is so common; while it seems also to be pleaded that it is not much of a mistake, because, "generically", a rook is a crow. To come to the letters: Mr. George Engleheart says Tennyson, who is "curiously accurate" in such matters, knew quite well what he was talking about when he made this bird take charge of a "rookery", and that the blunder is not his, but mine.

But he does not say what my blunder is. "This bird" (see the heading of his letter) must be a crow. That is what I said. He does not say here that Tennyson spoke of a rook and called it a crow. Where, then, have I blundered, unless he assumes (quite wrongly) that I did not know that people commonly miscalled a rook a crow? If I did not know, would that be a blunder? And is it proof of "curious accuracy" in a great poet, who knows better, to call a rook a crow because that is commonly done by people who know no better?

He cites Mrs. Ewing. I will refer to that later. Of the four other letters, three quote in Tennyson's defence a passage from "Macbeth":

> "Light thickens—and the crow Makes wing to the rooky wood".

Mr. Walter Herries Pollock says on this, that Tennyson here follows Shakespeare in using the "generic" name of crow to denote a rook. Mr. F. F. Montague, in citing it, says rooks are called crows in Ireland. "E. M. C." says the same is the case in Scotland and some parts of England". And then we come to "Pennialinus", who cites "Macbeth" again in the same interest, and proceeds to destroy the argument by saying that Tennyson did not read "rooky" in this passage as referring to rooks, but adopted the reading "roky", meaning "dim" or "misty". If he is right, he thus rules out Mr. Walter Herries Pollock and Mr. F. F. Montague on the point that here Tennyson followed Shakespeare. And so we are left with this—that on the showing of Mrs. Ewing, Mr. F. F. Montague, "E. M. C.", and the present Lord Tennyson, rooks are commonly called crows "in the country", "in Ireland", "in Scotland and some parts of England", and "in the northern counties"—

c p iii w it

pi ni

ag i.e th

G

which was perfectly well known to everyone who knew that the two birds are different.

In this matter I claim Mrs. Ewing and Lord Tennyson as witnesses on my side. Mrs. Ewing says it will be plain to the reader that she has been describing rooks (Corvus frugilegus) under the name of crows, which she has allowed herself to do because it is a common country practice. Obviously she wanted to show her readers, to whom the misnomer will be so plain, that she did not err in ignorance—and I say "err" because she says she has "allowed herself" to use the wrong name. With some hesitation I would say that the note raises a suspicion that when she wrote the text she was herself in ignorance of the error, but was lucky enough to have it pointed out to her before the book went to press. Otherwise why exhibit the rook as "Corvus frugilegus" and not give the poor crow his "Corvus corone"? She speaks of the "generic or family" name. Lord Tennyson's note is on this very line. It shows that he was careful to point out that the misdescription does not prove ignorance in the poet.

On Mrs. Ewing's note I would say just this—she assumes that it will be "plain" to her readers that she is talking of rooks when she writes of crows. Will it necessarily be so plain? What does Mr. F. F. Montague's letter suggest? He plainly thinks that the boot is on the other leg. He says that if Shakespeare could use "rooky" to describe a wood full of crows, Tennyson could use "rookery" to describe an "assemblage of crows on its way to the wood". What is my charge against Tennyson compared to this defence of him? Who ever supposed (except Mr. F. F. Montague) that he was describing as a rookery what was really an assemblage of crows? Does Mr. F. F. Montague think rookeries are assemblages of crows? He does not appear to know much about crows—or rooks.

None of these letters makes out a defence. Tennyson desired in this passage to instance a life of very great length, and the more familiar the instance the better. The crow, and not the rook, is notorious for longevity. He chose the crow—he called him "manywintered" to accentuate the choice—and then turned him into a rook by giving him charge of a rookery.

Neither is it any defence to say that "generically" a rook is a crow. People who make this mistake do not think of such matters when they make it. Plenty of other birds are crows besides rooks—ravens, choughs, jackdaws etc. Who would plead that it was proper to call the bird that happened to be in front, in the case of a flock of jackdaws, a crow? "Manywintered crow" earmarks the bird as a crow—unless it is to be argued that a rookery is always led home by a very aged rook. But that does not seem to be suggested. I do not very well see how it could be proved.

Yours faithfully

P. I.

NIL POSSE CREARI.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

"Hursley" Honiton, 24 September 1912.

SIR—In Watson's translation of Lucretius (Ed. 1898, page 10) there is this note: (5) "Nothing can be produced from nothing", ver. 156, "Nil posse creari de nihilo". It is to be observed that the word "creo" was never used among the Latin writers of the better ages in the sense in which we use the word "create"—i.e. "to make out of nothing". In all but Christian theological writers it means "to produce one thing from another". Gibbon has a remark to this effect in one of his notes.

Will someone be kind enough to tell me where, in Gibbon, I can find this note?

(REV.) WM. JOELL WOOD.

REVIEWS.

SWELLED-SOUL.

"Japanese Gardens." By Mrs. Basil Taylor, London: Methuen. 1912. 21s. net.

TO review books upon Japan is a sad and a dreary task. It would really seem as though every traveller who visited that entrancing country became infected with the disease of writing a book, and so of publishing his or her ignorance. There is great need of a literary bacteriologist whose mission it should be to discover the germ and administer preventive inoculation to all persons taking a Cook's ticket for the Far East.

This book of Mrs. Basil Taylor's is singularly un-It is infelix opportunitate originis. Had it appeared some forty or fifty years ago, it might have been accepted as a possible contribution to knowledge. Now things are different. All that need be said about Japanese gardens, indeed all that can be said about them, has been given to the European world by Mr. Conder, and this long, weary tissue of verbiage and would-be fine writing were unnecessary even if it had been without reproach. In her preface Mrs. Taylor says, "I have not been able, in technical descriptions, to illustrate my meaning as often as I should like, and in such cases where obscurity exists I can only refer the reader to the clear and lucid descriptions, full of drawings and diagrams explaining them, in Mr. Josiah Conder's book on Japanese landscape gardening". There she is right. It is often exceedingly difficult to understand Mrs. Taylor's meaning, and that not only in technical matters. What, for instance, is the meanmay be only one flower in a pot, if its message, which is from God, is heard and understood by the God which is the divine spark in each human soul". If there be any sense in this, we need an interpreter to reveal it. The last three paragraphs of the first chapter are very typical of the rest of the book, melancholy specimens of American "high falutin". A Japanese "walked into his garden, and as if he had rubbed his magic ring, the Djin of the garden appeared to soothe, to comfort, to bless ". Why mix up the "Arabian Nights" with Japan? What would any Japanese gentleman understand by the Djin of the garden? Mrs. Taylor is, by her own confession, ignorant of Japanese, and yet she does not hesitate to criticise Mr. Basil Chamberlain, Emeritus Professor of Ancient Japanese Literature in the University of Tokio, upon the subject of his appreciation of Japanese poetry, of which she exclaims, "How have the Japanese surpassed their masters, and given the world some of the most exquisite (even in translation), most poignant passages in any litera-ture!". The "masters", of course, were the Chinese; we wonder whether Mrs. Taylor is an authority on the Chinese poets. If not, how can she say that the Japanese have "surpassed" them? It is somewhat audacious to attack Mr. Chamberlain, one of the three Europeans who have achieved the greatest fame as Japanese scholars. But Mrs. Taylor is nothing if not brave, as the following paragraph shows: "When so many people—Mr. Basil Hall Chamberlain among them—declare that they see nothing more in Japanese gardens than a certain charm of quaintness—hardly more beauty than that of strangeness-they simply announce that they see with the eyes only, and not with the true insight of the soul. I do not complain of them any more than I do of those unhappy mortals who are unable to find anything in the pictures of the old masters, who are bored by what is not called popular music, who cannot read those poets whose alchemy has changed the drab lead of life into the gold and iridescence of a dream ". With Mr. Chamberlain Mrs. Taylor has the same sympathy that Miss Squeers had with her friend Tilda-that of pity. For Lafcadio Hearn, on the other hand, she professes boundless admiration. Now Lafcadio Hearn was a genius and a visionary. He saw in his dreams a Japan of his own

invention, a Japan in which at first he found great comfort, but with which he later quarrelled, as he did with everything and everybody else, a Japan which bore as much relation to the true Nippon as did the cloud-cuckoo-town of Aristophanes to a rookery in an English

park.

Everybody who has travelled in Japan will admit the daintiness and quaint charm of the Japanese gardens. But most people will agree with Mr. Conder that delightful as they are in their own country, they would be out of keeping if they were transferred to any other. The Japanese gentleman, or even a very humble person, will, out of a ridiculously small area, make for himself a little toy garden with a miniature Mount Fuji, a fox-guarded temple of Inari Sama, the god of farming, a tiny torii, a little waterfall, and a whole collection of curious-shaped stones and dwarf trees set out-mountain and all-according to immutable canons which it takes almost a lifetime to master. Whether it would be worth the while of any Englishman, even were he able to achieve the thing (which we doubt), to reproduce an imitation of such a Lilliputian piece of scenery, is very doubtful. There we agree with Mr. scenery, is very doubtful. Conder himself. In Europe the first essential in a garden is a wealth of flowers. That is not the Japanese idea. It would not be possible to go into a Japanese garden and gather a nosegay. Colour in the garden is not a dominant feature. The bloom of the cherry and of a host of lovely shrubs in spring and quite early summer is a dream of beauty. But for the gathering and display of a branchlet of some beautiful flowering tree in a bronze or porcelain vase there is a code of laws as strict as those which govern the forma-tion of the garden itself. The extravagant spending of the riches of an herbaceous border, the setting of that very border against the grey stone of such a building as an Oxford College or old country house, the cottage garden full of riotous colour-all these have a beauty which may not be denied, but they are not to be found in Japan.

"It has taken thirty years", says Mrs. Taylor, "for Whistler—an American by birth and the acrid strength of him, though claimed by France for his art methods, and by England for his long residence there—with his great power with the brush and his stinging wit, to open the British eyes to the wonderful suggestion and beauty that lie in Japanese methods of painting; and it will surely take more than another thirty years (unless such another prophet shall arise) before any writer or painter can do the same for Japanese gardens". For once we agree with Mrs. Taylor. That prophet has not yet arisen. Inari Sama has not

yet dethroned Flora.

Mrs. Taylor is past mistress in the art of what is called in France "chercher midi à quatorze heures". Stepping-stones are usually laid even in poor inartistic Europe so as to serve the purpose for which they are intended. In Japan, she tells us gravely, "a real science governs the placing of these slabs. If the distances are planned for the scale of their people's size, and not for our large feet and longer stride, it only proves their careful accuracy. Steps are shorter where legs are shorter too, and there is no doubt that these sturdy little people have shortened theirs by incessant suari-ing, their hereditary custom of sitting on their feet instead of on chairs". Wonderful! "Steps are shorter where legs are shorter too!" This is real science!

If anybody wishes to learn the maximum of words that can be used to express a minimum of ideas, let him turn to chapter xviii. on the four seasons of flowers. There he will find full instruction. "Out of the ugliness of pain beauty may spring—the child from the travail and suffering of his mother—the picture from that of the artist—the poem, the great book from the hardly caught, anguish-snatched inspiration, wrought in labour of its author—and out of the storm and frost, and the painful melting of winter, spring." In January we read "the father whose new-born child is placed in his arms regards it with pride, with tender-

ness, with yearning, and with some possible dislike, but with wonder always. This is his child, his own who has drawn down into the shadow of death the woman he loves, and for whom the woman he loves made the sacrifice gladly and thankfully.

"Trailing clouds of glory do we come From God, Who is our home".

(Poor Wordsworth in such a context!)

After a course of upwards of 290 huge pages of this Schwärmerei—desperately tedious reading—one feels inclined to turn to some simple child's book, such as "The Fairchild Family" or "Sandford and Merton", for relief. At any rate, if we disagree with it we shall not be told that we are without that something which Mrs. Taylor and writers of her stamp look upon as their

monopoly-a soul.

Mr. Tyndale's young-lady-like illustrations are pretty in their way, but they fail signally in the attempt to convey any idea of Japan. The colouring is all wrong, and he has quite missed the peculiar sobriety and dignity of the Japanese landscape garden. His pictures look as if they had been painted prophetically from one of those transportations which the authoress would fain see in Europe, and as if the cleverly introduced figures must be little Western maids in fancy dress. The frontispiece, "Maples at Omori, near Tokio", is a mere flat blob of orange scarlet without any shading to indicate the network of that wonderfully delicate foliage which the Japanese poetically call "the brocade of the forest", and which their artists know so well how to render.

"'TWIXT LAND AND SEA."

"'Twixt Land and Sea." By Joseph Conrad. London.
Dent. 1912. 6s.

O title could better present what one desires from Mr. Conrad. With the sea alone for his theme he has shown a mastery which places him above all contemporary comparison, and he has proved, when confined to the land, that his power is not dependent only on his great gift of language, but on a sympathetic humanity, by which may be illuminated the shadiest byways in our mortal adventure. But it is in the life that lies between that he is most peculiarly himself, since to that he brings a combination of qualities for which one looks in vain elsewhere. He sees the land through a sailor's eyes, he feels the sea with the soul of a poet, and overlooking both is the searching, tolerant, intensely interested appraisement of the seer. In length as well as in subject the three stories in this volume afford him just the opportunity that his method demands. Depending so much for his effects on spiritual aspects and influences, he must have the space and deliberation that psychology requires, vet the confinement of the conte prevents a too large indulgence of his fondness for psychological dissection, and makes plain that gift of form which is sometimes sacrificed in his longer stories.

There is one other felicity in the present volume—the stories are all told by men who have served the sea, and thus their appearance is changed, as things are changed when seen through clear water, by the mild refraction of those seafaring eyes. No small part of Mr. Conrad's art is shown by the way in which he uses these seemingly artless narrators, producing exactly the impression he requires from their sequestered simplicity, and, without loss to that or to their character, investing their point of view with a delicacy of sentiment and a splendour of language which leave nothing essential unpresented or unsaid. is a sea-captain who tells us, as the evening closed upon a tropic garden, that "the shadows lengthened, deepened, mingled together into a pool of twilight in which the flower-beds glowed like coloured embers; whiffs of heavy scent came . . . as if the dusk of this hemisphere were but the dimness of a temple and the garden an enormous censer swinging before the altar

ti o n a ta ti

0

of the stars". It is the vision of a poet, but it does not offend as a seaman's speech. Without such art Mr. Conrad could not have told the story in the fashion from which it gains so much; for it is difficult to conceive another scene which would have made such an effective, or even a possible, setting for the sailor's strange wooing in "A Smile of Fortune", which seems almost incredible, and yet impresses one as too uncom-

fortably vital to be mere invention.

The interest of this first and of the last story depends primarily on a woman, and the range of the author's capacity in portraiture is impressively given by the contrast between the offensively uncivilised Alice and lovely "Freya of the Seven Isles". The contrast is not in attraction, for that slovenly goddess was as seductive in her deterrent way as was Freya in her fair northern frankness. One has to be grateful that Mr. Conrad is not afraid of beauty; he is strong enough to use its every incentive without endangering his theme by sentimental softness or the asperities of passion. He does not shrink from Alice's powdered face, her harsh voice, the wisps of her untidy hair, her dingy wrapper, her slipshod feet, nor from her impertinence, her petulant sullenness, her peevish stupidity, her insulting taciturnity: the sheer seduction of her beauty comes through it all. But with Freya there is no obscuring veil; she is shown always in her shapely and charming freshness; yet the art of her influence is just as aptly shown, and the fashion in which her beauty is interwoven in her lover's heart with that of the brig of which he is the master is so subtly done that the ship takes on a human quality which makes one, apart from the tragedy for Freya, feel a human pang at its destruction.

There is no woman in the central story; there are hardly more than two men; and perhaps because of its limitations one feels more acutely the skill with which interest is riveted on that whispered drama which begins so strangely and ends one knows not, how. There is scarcely need to add, since Mr. Conrad is the writer, that there is not a word in the book which fails in its particular and exact intention, and not one consequently that can, without injury, be overlooked.

THE PAPERS OF A GREAT PHYSICIST.

"Lord Rayleigh's Scientific Papers." Vols. IV. and V. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1912. 15s. net each.

N these handsome volumes the Cambridge University Press continues the publication of Lord Rayleigh's contributions to the progress of physical science. The chronological arrangement of the papers The chronological arrangement of the papers recalls the story of the old Scottish lady who described the dictionary she had been reading as "very interest-ing but gey disconnecked". Nevertheless, it is refreshing in these days of extreme specialisation to encounter in Lord Rayleigh one who can discuss with power and lucidity the deepest problems in every branch of physics. At the end of vol. iv. there is an analytical index grouping the 272 papers contained in the first four volumes under their appropriate headings-Mathematics, General Mechanics, Elastic Solids, Capillarity, Hydrodynamics, Sound, Thermodynamics, Dynamical Theory of Gases, Properties of Gases, Electricity and Magnetism, Optics etc. The same variety of subject characterises the seventy-three papers which make up the fifth volume. The contributions are of all types, short and long, mathematical and experimental, historical, biographical, critical, expository, as in the lectures delivered in the Royal Institution; but whatever the immediate purpose of the note, memoir or lecture, all exhibit the same clearness of vision, lucidity of diction, and sanity of judgment. We would naturally expect the author of what is undoubtedly the best treatise ever written on "Sound" to have in the collected papers numerous investigations into the laws of acoustics; but it is interesting to note that electricity and optics claim nearly as much attention. In the

domain of optics Lord Rayleigh is perhaps best known for his explanation of the blue of the sky; and in the volumes before us there are several papers bearing on this subject. To the many who are not professional physicists Lord Rayleigh is probably most famous for the work which led to the discovery of argon, the inert gas which exists in small quantities in our atmo-The great memoir which he wrote in 1895 in conjunction with Sir William Ramsay comes early in vol. iv., and is a direct consequence of a somewhat earlier paper in which Lord Rayleigh discusses the anomaly encountered in determinations of the density of nitrogen. The anomaly was that nitrogen prepared from air was always slightly denser than nitrogen pre-pared in other ways. The fact had been noticed by Cavendish in 1785; but the discrepancy remained unexplained and indeed practically undiscussed for 110

To the reader whose mathematical knowledge is limited large tracts of these volumes will appear as a desert of symbols barren as the ribbed sea sand; but at intervals there are bright oases of easy English, in which some problem is delightfully expounded. Such, for example, are the demonstrations of interference in sound and of the perception of sound direction. We are pleased to see how strongly Lord Rayleigh supports the late Professor Tait's contention that Balfour Stewart's proof of the equality of radiation and absorption had been misunderstood by Continental writers and even by his own countrymen.

No scientific worker in physics can afford to neglect

No scientific worker in physics can afford to neglect the contributions which Lord Rayleigh has made. His "art and practick part" is as great as his "theorick". On every page of these collected memoirs there shines forth the honest purpose of a fine mind whose sole aim is to get at the truth and gain a deeper insight into the workings of the physical universe. This mental attitude is well expressed by the motto on the back of the title-page of vol. iv., "The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein".

THE NEW APPRENTICESHIP.

"English Apprenticeship and Child Labour." By O. J. Dunlop and R. D. Denman. London: Unwin. 1912. 10s. 6d. net.

S OME enthusiasts seem to believe that in the revival of apprenticeship they have discovered a panacea for all the ills that grow from child employment and the casual labour it ends in. Apprenticeship, as our forefathers knew the custom, went out when steam came in, when the handloom weaver left his long upper room to be herded in the factory. The divisions of labour are too many and too intricate nowadays to make possible the teaching of the whole of a trade. The single craftsman has given place to many machineminders. The history of apprenticeship is written in the old borough records, and Miss Jocelyn's careful searches serve a useful purpose in demonstrating how completely conditions of industry have altered. earlier times children were always supported; to-day, as a rule, they become wage-earners as soon as the law These child wages in many a home make all the difference between penury and comfort; and, uneconomic as child labour may be in the long run, any change that is made must be gradual and as little in the nature of a hardship as possible. The remedy of Miss Jocelyn and Mr. Denman, when in full tide, would seem to be the practical abolition of half-time labour, retention at school until the age of fifteen, and continuation schools to seventeen. The half-time system of factory labour in the morning and school in the afternoon is, from every point of view except the imagined needs of industry, indefensible. brightest child must suffer, the duller simply sleeps. Educational results are and must be negative. Employers, too, are fast coming to the conclusion that the labour of children is not indispensable, and day by day other means are being found to replace their work.

The remedy of our authors seems mainly to be an extra two years of full schooling. We agree, but only on the rigid condition that book teaching gradually gives way to manual instruction and physical training. The great blot on our present educational system is its bookishness. Training of hand and eye seems to be banned, the one object of the modern teacher being to fix his child on the office stool, which he fondly assures the parents is a rise in the social scale. This snobbish worship of the black coat has made many a poor clerk where we might have had a good artisan. tion which ought to be asked when a child seeks to leave school is not only what his educational standard may be, but will the work he seeks to take up lead to permanent employment; in other words, is the early work in the nature of apprenticeship for a career? If not, such labour should be discouraged in every possible way. An industry may seem to benefit by using child labour for a few years and then casting it aside, but in the end the community loses heavily by having to keep the waste product thereafter. Except in the textile trades, few children need begin as learners before they are fifteen, and they will be all the more efficient and physically fit if for the two years previous they have had good physical and manual instruction. Several education authorities have started the practice of co-operating with "After-care" committees in helping their leaving children to find suitable employment. The parents are interviewed, possibilities discussed, and the dangers of odd jobs pointed out. As a rule the advice given is welcome and acted on. The system should become a recognised duty of all authorities.

Our authors have a further remedy in continuation schools running concurrently with daily labour. Education of this kind needs very careful handling. A day's work properly done leaves little energy for night mental work. Nor does this continuing education seem necessary in trades which are comparatively unskilled. For the nation to institute a wide system of continuation schools for all children would be a costly business of doubtful value, but to assist special industries in providing facilities for further technical and book instruction would be all to the good. This special continuation instruction is already given in quite a number of up-to-date works, and there is no reason why the practice should not be extended. We need more teachers with

coats off and sleeves rolled up.

The essence of success in technical training lies in flexibility of treatment, and that we should never get by a hide-bound national system. Within the walls of large works the training might be complete and self-contained, but for smaller firms and scattered districts central classes would be necessary, and to this end existing technical schools may well be organised. The final test in every case is individual efficiency, and that could easily be ascertained by the practical inquiry of a local board of examiners strengthened by outside help. So far as girl children are concerned, we would have them out of the factory altogether, but here again a longer stay at school need not mean more books. They need a proper housewife training.

By far the greatest enemy of educational progress is our present system of learning by rote. There is almost no teaching to think, and there are hundreds of inspectors and teachers, themselves steeped in the book memorising atmosphere, who still scoffingly stigmatise everything not conned by rote as kindergarten stuff. All this pedantic nonsense must first be got rid of and the path left clear for modern needs to build up a system which in the end will be even more effective than the old

custom of individual apprenticeship.

MR. BELLOC ON WATERLOO.

"British Battles: Waterloo." By Hilaire Belloc. London: Swift. 1912. 1s. net.

Mr. Belloc's thesis is that Waterloo was lost not by Napoleon's defeat on 18 June 1815, but by "D'Erlon's wanderings" between Quatre Bras and Ligny, some forty-eight hours earlier. There is nothing new in the assertion,

nor does the writer produce any fresh evidence in proof of his views. All the same, many who read this little book who are unaware of the contentions which have arisen over the Waterloo campaign might reasonably suppose that Mr. Belloc had just discovered the true reason of the loss of the To such readers this book undoubtedly presents sundry pitfalls, for the writer has the gift of glibly assuming as proven facts matters which have formed the subject of controversy amongst the ablest soldiers in Europe for nearly a century. But to the educated soldier or careful student of the campaign, who is able to put aside such obvious absurdities, the book will and ought to appeal by reason of its directness of style, general simplicity of expression, and avoidance of minor technical details. Unluckily for those who wish to follow Mr. Belloc's arguments, he has made the serious error of imagining that he possesses the talent for rough "thumb-nail" sketches to illustrate the strategical and tactical aspects of the progress of the campaign. Here he has failed most pitifully, and it is not the ss exasperating that his failure is not due to any lack of less exasperating that his failure is not due to any lack of skill or, indeed, of military experience, but to his sheer determination to do just as he pleases in defiance of all accepted rules of mapping. It is eminently characteristic of the man. Unluckily, by adopting this off-hand style he not seldom lands himself and his readers in somewhat complex situations. As an example, his sketch on page 75 is adorned with a long arrow marked N at its top—the world-wide accepted symbol for the direction of the north. Vet it is obviously pointing eastward! The letterpress Yet it is obviously pointing eastward! The letterpress informs the reader that this arrow indicates the way to Namur! As he nearly always omits to show the direction Namur! As he nearly always omits to show the direction of the north on his sketches, some of his really excellent descriptions, where he refers quite properly to the points of the compass instead of to the "right" and "left", are difficult to follow; nor is the task rendered easier when in his slap-dash fashion he accidentally calls "east" "west", as on page 71, or "west" "east", as on page 127! Whilst admitting that Wellington was "a superb defensive general", he is careful to point out that it was only as "a defensive genius" that he shone. As Waterloo was eminently for the Duke a defensive campaign, it is sad to read how for the Duke a defensive campaign, it is sad to read how even here at his own particular job he failed so consistently. He is described as "harbouring fastastic impressions", as being "both misinformed and confused", as "haunted by odd misconceptions", as "guilty of misjudgment", and, lastly, as "committing shocking errors"! If this indeed be a true picture of our great soldier, it seems almost a pity that he was ever induced to adopt the profession of arms. As Mr. Belloc threatens to follow up "Waterloo" with similar primers on all the most important British battles (including Vittoria and Toulouse), we trust he will amend his views on these points, as well as his sketches. Yet, in spite of Mr. Belloe's modest omniscience, we recommend his book as one of the most interesting "short stories" of Waterloo we have

(Continued on page 496.)

THE WESTMINSTER

ESTD. A.D. 1717.
RECONSTITUTED 1906. FIRE OFFICE

Head Office: 27 KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C. City Office: 82 LOMBARD STREET, E.C.

MODERATE RATES. PERFECT SECURITY.

COUNTY FIRE OFFICE, LIMITED.

50, REGENT ST., W.,

4, LOMBARD ST., E.C., Plate Glass, Fidelity Guar

Fire,
Consequential Loss Following
Fire,
Personal Acoldent & Disease,
Workmen's Compensation,
Domestic Servants,
Third Party & Drivers' Risks,
Motor Car and Lift,
Burglary and Theft,
Plate Class,
Fidelity Guarantee.

INSURANCES EFFECTED ON THE MOST FAVOURABLE TERMS. THE BUSINESS OF THIS OFFICE IS CONFINED TO THE UNITED KINGDOM.

FULL PARTICULARS UPON APPLICATION.
APPLICATIONS FOR AGENCIES INVITED.
JOSEPH A. ROONEY, Secretary.

LEGAL AND

LIFE ASSURANCE

ESTABLISHED 1836.

FUNDS

£8,250,000.

ESTATE DUTIES.—Policies are granted at specially low rates for Non-profit Assurances, and these are particularly advantageous for the purpose of providing Death Duties and portions for younger children.

HEAD OFFICE: 10 FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

PROFITABLE ASSURANCE.

SPECIAL COMBINATION securing, in return for a Limited Number of Premiums, a Fixed Sum at Death, whenever it may happen, and

Large Guaranteed Bonus during Lifetime,

together with valuable options and additional be EXAMPLE.—Age 25. Sum Assured £500.

Annual Premium (psyable for 20 years only) - GUARANTEED RESULTS:

(a) In case of death during the term, PROFIT varying from £182 to £484.

ULTIMATE PROFIT of £273, in addition to 20 years' accumulated Bonuses.

GRESHAM LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, LTD., CHIEF OFFICE: ST. MILDRED'S HOUSE, POULTRY, LONDON, R.C.

ets Exceed £10,500,000, JAMES H. SCOTT, General Manager.

The IDEAL Policy

enables Policyholders to reap the Benefits of their investments during their own lifetime and, in the event of premature death, to leave their legal representatives in possession of a comfortable Home Free from Mortgage Debt or encumbrance.

Apply for free Booklet entitled—

"Buying a House in the Right Way."

GOOD PROSPECTS FOR ACTIVE AGENTS.

Prospectus and Terms post free.

THE CITY LIFE ASSURANCE CO., Ltd.,

6 PAUL STREET, FINSBURY, LONDON, E.C. M. GREGORY, Managing Director.

BRITANNIC ASSURANCE CO., LTD.

A SAFE INVESTMENT.

Every successful man is on the look-out for a safe, and at the same time remunerative investment for his savings.

AN ENDOWMENT ASSURANCE POLICY.

payable at the expiration of a certain term to be selected by the investor, or in the event of his previous death, and issued by an Office of good repute, is beyond doubt an

INVESTMENT WHICH CANNOT BE IMPROVED UPON,

combining a good return in the shape of interest with absolute safety. The guarantee afforded by the Funds (£3,000,000) of the BRITANNIC ASSURANCE CO., Ltd., is unquestionable.

Chief Offices: BROAD STREET CORNER, BIRMINGHAM.

TWO INTERESTING PROSPECTUSES

LONDON AND LANCASHIRE LIFE & GENERAL ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION, LTD.

1. THE "POLIOY DE LUXE,"

nost advanced ACCIDENT and DISEASE INSURANCE. In addition to FULL ACCIDENT BENEFITS it provides for payment of £2,000 IN THE EVENT OF DEATH FROM DISEASE,

2. HOW TO PROVIDE FOR THE NEW

DEATH DUTIES.

Full particulars on application to

HEAD OFFICE: 66 and 67 CORNHILL, E.C.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY

(LIMITED), HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.

INVESTED FUNDS EXCEED - £80,000,000. CLAIMS PAID - - -- £100,000,000.



86,000 people enjoy perfect hearing by the aid of the NEW STOLZ ELECTROPHONE. Actual testimony from grateful persons who have had their hearing restored will, we feel sure, have more weight than anything we can Knowing this, we request everyone suffering from deafness to send at once for our booklet "Results"—it contains many unsolicited testimonials from persons in every grade of life, who have been relieved from this dreadful affliction, highly praising the efficiency of the Stolz Electrophone, thus proving that it is a genuine scientific invention. Briefly, the STOLZ ELECTROPHONE is a miniature telephone, so constructed that it magnifies the sound waves and transmits them to the inner ear, thus enabling the deaf to again enjoy perfect hearing. Why not you?

WRITE FOR GRATIS & POST FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET TO THE

Stolz Electrophone Co.

(LONDON), Ltd.

Head Office :

BYRON HOUSE, 82-85 FLEET ST., E.C.

West End Office: 199 Piccadilly, W. Harrods' Stores, Brompton Rd., S.W.

PRINCIPAL BRANCHES AND AGENCIES

BIRMINGHAM—
75 New Street.
BRIGHTON—
16 Western Road, Hove.
BRISTOL—

s St. Augustine's Parade.
DARLINGTON—

Taylors' Drug Stores.

EAS I BOURNE 5 Station Parade.

EXETER-

2 Queen Street.
HARROGATE—
Taylors' Drug Stores.
HULL—

HULL—Taylors' Drug Stores.
LEAMINGTON SPA—
Bedford Stores.
LEEUS—
12 Otley Rd., Headingley.
LIVERPOOL—
502 LORD Street.
MANCHESTER—
25 Anne's Source.

17 St. Anne's Square NEWCASTLE— Taylors' Drug Stores

NORWICH-30 Cattle Market,
NOTTINGHAM—
29 Market Street.
PLYMOUTH—
45 Bedford Street.
PORTSMOUTH—
145 Commercial Road.

145 Commercial Road SCARDOROUGH— Taylors' Drug Stores. Taylors' Drug Stor SHEFFIELD— 37 Leopold Street. SOUTHAMPION—

113 Above Bar.
SUNDERLAND—
Taylors' Drug Stores
YORK—
4 Coney Street.
BELFAST—
17 Royal Avenue.

BELFAST—
17 Royal Avenue.

DUBLIN—
2 Grafton Street.

GLASGOW— go Mitchell Stree



495

ever read, but with the caution that, whilst harmless in the hands of a soldier, it is just the class of book which might give false impressions on several important points, especially among the large class of amateur soldiers, from Mr. Seely down, who have acquired the whole art of war ready made somewhat late in life.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"Prehistoric Thessaly." By A. J. B. Wace and M. S. Thompson. Illustrated. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1912. 18s. net.

It would be sanguine to expect a hundred readers all told for this inventory of nameless sites, geometric potsherds, and stray leavings of primitive men who lived in an isolated and barbarous corner of Greece. It seems to us as well done as it could be. It is, of course, no more a book to be read continuously than a dictionary or a corpus: but it has all the merits of a good corpus—clear tabulation, exact and numerous cross-reference, terse statement, consistent and copious use of abbreviation, and full index: to which must be added very complete pictorial illustration based mainly on photographs. The inventories, of which it consists in the main, have introductory and concluding chapters, wherein the authors set out lucidly such general considerations on the origins of man in Thessaly and his life there down to the opening of the Iron Age, as their material suggests. These, on their own showing, do not greatly affect any history except the local history of Thessaly. The authors conjecture that the first settlers who had penetrated from Continental Europe found themselves practically cut off from the rest of the world by dense hills of forest, and had to develop as best they could in isolation. They never developed far, remaining behind their neighbours as much in prehistoric times as in historic. In the circumstances, it is remarkable that Thessaly should have produced such attractive pottery as in fact it did-attractive, that is, in sharp contrast of colour and to some extent in form, but not in design of ornament. This remains excessively simple and unstudied throughout. In other branches of plastic art unstudied throughout. In other branches of plastic art Thessaly can claim little credit. Its terra-cotta figurines are of the crudest. Nor are its prehistoric architectural are of the crudest. Nor are its prehistoric architectural remains better than those of mere huts. For its early civilisation, however, such as it was. Messrs. Wace and Thompson have done pretty nearly all that Tsundas left to do, and pretty nearly all that anyone will ever do. So far their work is as satisfactory to students as it must be to themselves.

"Our English Cathedrals." By James Sibree. London: Griffiths. 1911. Two vols. 5s. each.

Mr. Sibree brings in the Protestant point of view at every turn. He urges that the cathedrals should contain memorials of all good men, including Unitarians like Priestley, and their pulpits be open to "eminent preachers of all orthodox Christian Churches"—would be include the popish friar and the Jesuit? Mr. Sibree holds that the havoc worked by the Cromwellian soldiery was very excusable. "Cathedrals were too much connected with Laud and his tyranny and cruelty to be exempted from the long-pent-up wrath of Puritan Protestants, when at length their oppressor's power was broken." Yet, like many non-Churchmen, he has a religious ardour for the beauty and historic glory of these great minsters, and exhibits a respectable expert knowledge of architectural science. His remarks are sometimes shrewd, sometimes the reverse. What could be more exasperatingly of the back parlour than the complacent observation that our wonder at the beautiful construction of these churches "seems greatly increased when we remember the times in which they were erected; we have never equalled them since, with all our advances in constructive skill and invention"? In discussing the ethics of restoration of accient buildings our author, like many other people, fails to distinguish the two questions involved. Skilful restoration may be right or may be wrong. But the charge against the Victorian age is not merely that it "restored" ten thousand old buildings, but that it did it so badly-whether we look to the poverty of the workmanship and material or to the ignorant and taste-less destruction of everything that was not "correct" Gothic.

"Miss Julia." "The Stronger." "There are Crimes and Crimes."
By August Strindberg Translated by Edwin Bjorkman.
London: Duckworth. 1912. 2s. net.

" Morituri." "Roses." By Hermann Sudermann. Translated by Grace Frank. London: Duckworth. 1912. 2s. net.

"Three Comedies" By Bjornstjerne Bjornson. Translated by R. Farquharson Sharp. London: Dent ("Everyman"). 1912. 1s

The translation of foreign plays into English has this year proceeded amazingly. In Strindberg's case it was probably the newspaper notoriety that comes even to a genius when he

dies that gave the translators a fillip. Certainly it was That the countrymen of De Quincey and Poe needed. should find for themselves nothing in the work of Strindberg is preposterous. Messrs. Duckworth are about a very and important literary task in giving us these plays in cheap and agreeable volumes. Already they had published "The Father"; and a volume including one of the most striking of Strindberg's brooding fantasias upon the big themes of existence-the eerie and inimitable "Dream Play". These former volumes, with the two just added, read with "The Confession of a Fool" (stephen Swift) give to English readers for the first time a really distinct impression of one of the great figures of European literature.

We had rather that Messrs. Duckworth had turned to Wedekind or Hauptmann than to Sudermann for an example from the German. Perhaps Sudermann was chosen on the principle that, if he be not translated quickly, he will not be translated at all. For Sudermann is ephemeral. He has taken in the German as Sir Arthur Pinero has taken in the English. He is a man of the German theatre, and he has but a very small international value. Mr. Stephen Phillips (in the days before he allowed his name to be published as the editor of Mr. Walter Browne's doggrel Morality) has done as good work as "Teja"; Sir Arthur Pinero has often eclipsed the stage-passions of "Roses"; Mr. Alfred Sutro has written with more "strength" than is achieved in "Fritzchen".

The "Everyman" comedies of Messrs. Dent are an addition to their careful selection of plays. Ben Jonson, Marlowe, the old Morality, Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, Sheridan, Goldsmith, Ibsen—these are already on Fletcher, Sheridan, Goldsmith, Ibsen—these are already on the list to which Bjornson has now been added. The three comedies here selected give us glimpses of Bjornson's dramatic development at wide intervals. The first comedy belongs to a period before Ibsen had set the fashion of a new technique. The second shows an advance of the kind which Ibsen made at the beginning of his "social" period. The third is frankly a morality play; so obvious in its appeal that it is said actually to have frightened many young people from the adventure of marriage.

For this Week's Books see page 498 and 500.

EARLSWOOD ASYLUM:

The National Training Home for the Feeble-Minded. REDHILL, SURREY.

E. C. P. HULL, Esq , J.P., Treasurer and Chairman of the Board.

FOR CHILDREN unable to learn in ordinary schools and those requiring control with expert supervision,

SELECTED CASES admitted on reduced inclusive fees.

THOSE UNABLE TO PAY admitted by votes of Subscribers, either free or with part-payment.

OVER 300 PATIENTS supported by Voluntary Contribu-

Full information and advice: Mr. H. HOWARD, Secretary, 36 King William St., E.C. Telephone: 7684 LONDON WALL

GOLD MEDAL MOST LOVELY OF ALL SPRING FLOWERS

Awarded 31 Gold Medals and a Ten Guinea Challenge Cup.

BARR'S POPULAR 21/- COLLECTION OF DAFFODILS contains 6 Bulbs each of 26 Fine Distinct Varieties suitable for Pot-culture or for the Flower Border. (Half the Collection for 10/6,)

BARR'S WOODLAND 21/- COLLECTION OF DAFFODILS contains 500 Strong Bulbs in 20 Fine Showy varieties suitable for Naturalising.

Descriptive Catalogue of all the finest Daffodils in Cultivation, Free.

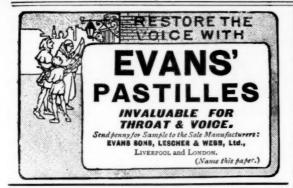
BARR & SONS,

11, 12, & 13 King Street, Covent Carden, London.

VACANCY occurs in busy VALUATION and LAND SURVEYOR'S OFFICE for Articled Pupil, Liverpool District. Public School boy preferred; age 17-18. Residence with Principal might be arranged for.—Address H 40, Birchall's Advertising Offices, Liverpool.

*HELTENHAM COLLEGE.—The HEADMASTER-SHIP of the MILITARY and CIVIL SIDE will be VACANT at the end of the current term. Applications for the post, accompanied by not more than three testimonials and three references, must reach the Principal on or before Saturday, 26th October. Requirements: high mathematical teaching, and organising qualifications. Solven, (appears to the principal of the princip

Saturday, 26th October. Requirements: high rorganising qualifications. Salary, £1,000 per annum.



CONNOISSEURS OF COFFEE

DRINK THE

RED

WHITE

& BLUE

DELICIOUS FOR BREAKFAST & AFTER DINNER.

In making, use less quantity, it being much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.

ELY CATHEDRAL

Visitors will find First Class Hotel Accommodation at the " LAMB" Family Hotel, which is situated close to the Cathedral. MODERATE TERMS. Omnibus meets all trains.

Proprietor, S. AIREY.



for Infants, Invalids, and the Aged.

THE particular and important feature of Benger's Food is that it can be prepared to suit any degree of digestive power, according to the directions on each tin. In this way it wins back health and strength.

The "Lancet" describes it as "Mr. Benger's admirable preparation."

PETROL COMBINE

IN FORMATION.

CAPITAL

£1.140.000.

This is a "Combine" among motorists to get their Petrol cheaper, without reducing the motor trader's margin.

It is a Profit-Sharing Scheme in which everyone who joins will be entitled to receive a pro rata share of the profits AND a bonus on all their purchases.

It is a comprehensive scheme, with its own producing oil wells, its own tank steamers, road and railway rolling stock, distributing depots in the chief dock centres and inland towns, and its own Refinery in England.

Petrol consumers will not be asked to commit themselves to any contracts—now or later. This advertisement is simply to invite all Petrol users and others who desire to learn more about and benefit by this Scheme, to forward name and address on this Coupon without delay.

COUPON.

Please send me full particulars of the Petrol Scheme.

Name and Address (Kindly write distinctly)

(W.R.)

State make of Car (if any)

To MOTOR OWNERS' PETROL COMBINE, LIMITED, EGYPTIAN HOUSE, PICCADILLY, LONDON,

Managing Director: A. E. HODGSON.

MOTOR INVESTORS' ASSOCIATION, LIMITED, Chairman: A. ST. GEORGE CAULFEILD. BRITISH-AUSTRIAN OIL INVESTMENT COMPANY, LIMITED,

Chairman: THE LORD ARTHUR CECIL.

This Advertisement will not appear again.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

THE STRANGLING OF PERSIA.

By W. MORGAN SHUSTER. With a Map and 85 Illustrations. Second Edition 12s. 6d. net.

"A book of absorbing interest to anyone who passes a summer or a winter season in the Alpine regions and wishes to make use of his eyes or his imagination."

"An historical narrative of extraordinary interest. Mr. Shuster tells his story clearly and well . . . The book will be found of interest even by those who know nothing of international politics."—The Morning Post,

Venezuela. (South American Series.)

By LEONARD V. DALTON, F.G.S., F.R.G.S. With a Map and 45 Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net.

"This book gives an account of its physical nature, as well as its geography, history, and a description of the plants and animals of the Republic: while the historical portion goes back to the earliest account, bringing matters up to the recent centenary celebrations, and refers to prospects."

A Study in Ideals: Great Britain

By MANMATH C. MALLIK. 10s. 6d. net.

"As a careful and enlightened study of social and political life in both countries this book is well worth the attention of everyone who realises that the British people have still to face the gigantic problem of securing the peaceful, contented, and pro-gressive development of India. — Lecta Mercury.

AN IMPORTANT NEW BOOK.

THE MEANING OF CHRISTIANITY.

By the Rev. FREDERICK A. M. SPENCER.

7s. 6d. net.

The patristic theology has become antiquated through the subsequent experience of mankind and the extension of science. This book is an attempt to give the principles of a Christian theology more in accord with the thought and practical idealism of the present age. This theology springs out of two funda-mental ideas—namely, evolution, and the higher life, called "the spiritual," which is attained in the course of evolution. The main doctrines of Christianity are proved and developed by means of this central thought—humanity evolving through many thousands of generations, and in the course of its evolution acquiring a new kind of life, the spiritual or Divine, which is destined to transform human nature into a condition of improved lite. immortality.

The Decline of Aristocracy. By ARTHUR PONSONBY, M.P. 7s. 6d. net.

"There is abundant room for controversy in Mr. Ponsonby's book, but it is for that reason a timely and useful book . . . Its analysis of causes is just and searching."—Westminster Gazette.
"The book stimulates thought and lays a basis for a full and free ventilation of views."—Aberdeen Free Press.

Hypnotism and Disease.

A Plea for Rational Psychotheraphy.

By H. CRICHTON MILLER, M.A., M.D. With an Introduction by C. LLOYD TUCKEY, M.D. 5s. net.

"The subject is a very important one from the public point of view, and one which every intelligent man ought to understand. Dr. Miller's account is clear and free from technicalities and it presents the main features of Psycotherapy in a form suitable for the lay reader of either sex."—Morning Post.

Butterilies and Moths at Home and Abroad.

By H. ROWLAND BROWN, M.A., F.E.S. With 21 Coloured Plates and numerous figures. 7s. 6d. net.

"Mr Brown tells pretty well everything that one wants to know. It is a most comprehensive work, and every page bears upon it the stamp of authority . . . The letterpress, as we say, is thoroughly reliable. Equally important and interesting are the coloured plates which adorn the work."—Western Mail.

John in Prison, and other Poems.

By G. E. J. THOMPSON. 3s. 6d. net.

¹⁴ This volume proclaims Mr. Thompson a poet of high gifts: he has inspiration, he has sincerity, he has elevated expression, he has technique that is rarely at fault."—Datly Chronicle.

T. FISHER UNWIN, Adelphi Terrace, London.

THIS WEEK'S BOOKS.

ART.

Great Engravers (edited by Arthur M. Hind)—Marcantonio and Italian Engravers and Etchers of the Sixteenth Century; Hans Holbein the Younger. Heinemann. 2s. 6d. net each. Mediæval Art: From the Peace of the Church to the Eve of the Renaissance, 312-1350 (W. R. Lethaby). Duckworth.

BIOGRAPHY.

Byron (Ethel Colburn Mayne). Methuen. 2 vols. 21s. net.
William Hone: His Life and Times (Frederick Wm. Hackwood).
Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.
George Gissing: A Critical Study (Frank Swinnerton). Secker.
7s. 6d. net.

7s. 6d. net.
What the Judge Saw (His Honour Judge Edward Abbott Parry).
Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d. net.
Correspondence of Lord Burghersh, 1808-1840 (Edited by Rachel Weigall). Murray. 12s. net.
Our Book of Memories, 1884-1912: Letters from Justin McCarthy to Mrs. Campbell Praed. Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d.

net.
The Political Career of Richard Brinsley Sheridan (Michael T. H. Sadler). Oxford: Blackwell. 2s. 6d. net.
Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole, 1766-1780 (Mrs. Paget Toynbee). Methuen. 3 vols. 63s. net.
Letters of Major-General FitzRoy Hart-Synnot (edited by B. M. Hart-Synnot). Arnold. 12s. 6d. net.
The Diaries of William Charles Macready, 1833-1851 (edited by William Toynbee). Chapman and Hall. 2 vols. 32s. net.
Campaigns of a War Correspondent (Melton Prior). Arnold. 15s. net.

FICTION.

FICTION.

The Net (Rex Beach); The Lost World (Arthur Conan Doyle);
The Measures of a Man (Norman Duncan); The Chequer
Board (Sybil Grant). Hodder and Stoughton. 6s. each.

A White Man's Burden (Charles Beadle); Broken Pitchers
Reginald Wright Kauffman); The Clay's Revenge (Helen
George); Stephen Swift. 6s. each.

The Memoirs of Mimosa (Anne Elliot); The King's Master
(Olive Lethbridge and John De Stourton); The Meteoric
Benson (Vincent Mills-Malet). Stanley Paul. 6s. each.

A Fair Field and no Favour; My Facsimile (F. B. Allcock).
Drane. 6s. each.

Drane. 6s. each.
Salve! (George Moore). Heinemann. 6s.
A Man's World (Albert Edwards). Macmillan. \$1.25 net.
The Grip of Life (Agnes and Egerton Castle). Smith, Elder. 6s.
The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol (W. J. Locke). Lane.

The Joyous Adventiges of the Joyous August Medding Through (Lady Napier of Magdala). Murray. 6s.
The Career of Kembole—Nonconformist (Arthur Fetterless).
Blackwood. 6s.

The Joyous Adventiges of Magdala). Murray. 6s.
The Career of Kembole—Nonconformist (Arthur Fetterless).
Blackwood. 6s.

Blackwood. 6s.

Two Maids and a Man (Charles Garvice); John Scarlett, Ganger (Donald Maclean); A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill (Alice Hegan Rice). Hodder and Stoughton. 6s. each.

The Forest Farm (Peter Rosegger), 2s. net; Delfina of the Dolphins (Mary Argyle Taylor), 1s. 6d. net. Fifield.

GIFT BOOKS.

Many Cargoes (W. W. Jacobs). Methuen, 7s. 6d net. Many Cargoes (W. W. Jacobs). Methuen. 7s. 6d. net. Ruddigore; The Yeomen of the Guard; The Gondoliers; Princess Ida (W. S. Gilbert). Bell. 3s. 6d. net each. To-morrow (Kitty Barne). Hodder and Stoughton, 3s. 6d. The Henry James Year-Book (selected and arranged by Evelyn Garnaut Smalley). Dent. 3s. 6d. net. Peeps at Nature—British Ferns, Clubmosses and Horsetails (Daniel Ferguson). Black. 1s. 6d. net. Jack Scott, Midshipman: His Log (by "Aurora"). Arnold. 5s. net.

bs. net.
Edinburgh (R. L. Stevenson). Seeley, Service. 12s. 6d. net.
The Broom Fairies and Other Stories (Ethel M. Gate). Fifield.
1s. 6d. net.
Trystie's Quest (Greville MacDonald). Fifield. 5s. net.
Morte d'Arthur (Alfred Lord Tennyson). Chatto and Windus.

HISTORY AND ARCHÆOLOGY.

The Eve of Catholic Emancipation (Right Rev. Monsignor Bernard Ward). Vol. III. Longmans. 12s. 6d. net.

The Irish Revolution (Michael J. F. McCarthy). Vol. I. Blackwood. 10s. 6d. net.

The Passing of the Manchus (Percy Horace Kent). Arnold. 15s.

The Agrarian Problem in the Sixteenth Century (R. H. Tawney).

Longmans. 9s. net.

History of the Philharmonic Society of London, 1813-1912 (Myles Birket Foster). Lane. 10s. 6d. net.

The Greenfield Papyrus in the British Museum (E. A. Wallis Budge), British Museum: Printed by Order of the Trustees.

(Continued on page 500.)

A SELECTION FROM JOHN LONG'S NEW LIST

GENERAL LITERATURE

THE VICEROYS OF IRELAND
By CHARLES O'MAHONY With Photogravure and

With Photogravure and numerous other Portraits and Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 16s. net. The first Complete History of the Viceroys,

DAILY GRAPHIC says: "The book is one that is profitable to read. The story of the rise of great families is well told and full of interest."

THROUGH DANTE'S LAND: Impressions in Tuscany
By Mrs. COLQUHOUN GRANT, Author of "Brittany to Whitehall," &c. Photogravure and 32 Illustrations from Photographs. 12s. 6d. net.

THE TIMES says: "A pleasant mixture of the quiet social intercourse and the all-pervading spell of the Tuscan landscape."

SENSATIONS OF PARIS

By ROWLAND STRONG, Author of "Where and How to Dine in Paris," &c. With upwards of 60 Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

ATHENÆUM says: "Mr. Strong's method of treating his subject is intensely individual. A finely written and discriminating study."

LORDS AND LADIES OF THE ITALIAN LAKES By EDGCUMBE STALEY With Coloured Frontispiece and numerous Portraits and Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net. THE TIMES says: "A chronicle, given with much spirit, of the romantic scenes and events which history has associated with this fascinating country."

PHEASANTS: In Govert and Aviary By Frank Townend Barton, M.R.C.V.S. With 4 Countries from Life by H. GRÖNVOLD, and numerous other Illustrations from Photographs. Crown 4to. 10s. 6d. net. With 4 Coloured

HOME EXERCISE AND HEALTH: Five Minutes' Care to the Nerves. (
The Rational System of Exercising for Health rather than mere Strength. By PERCIVAL G. MASTERS. Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.

A System of Exercises devised to promote health and not muscle development only. It particularly aims at building up the nervous system.

ROBESPIERRE AND THE WOMEN HE LOVED By HECTOR FLEISCHMANN. English Version by Dr. A. S. RAPPOPORT. With numerous Portraits. Demy 8vo. 120. 6d. net.

KING RENÉ D'ANJOU AND HIS SEVEN QUEENS By EDGCUMBE STALEY, Author of "Tragedies of the Medici," &c. With Coloured Frontispiece and numerous Portraits. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.

MADAME DU BARRY By EDMUND and JULES DE GONCOURT. With Photogravure Portrait and numerous other Portraits. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.

HOUNDS: Their Points and Management By Frank Townend Barton, M.R.C.V.S. With numerous Illustrations from Photographs. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

GUN DOGS By FRANK TOWNEND BARTON, M.R.C.V.S., Author of "Terriers: their Points and Management." With numerous Illustrations from Photographs. Crown 8vo. 5s. net

BOHEMIAN DAYS IN FLEET STREET By A JOURNALIST. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

POPULAR 6/- NOVELS Now Ready

THE GATE OPENERS (2nd Edn.) K. L. Montgomery Author of "The Cardinal's Pawn"

GLOBE says; "Contains a real, carefully-thought-out plot. An agreeable novelty is the incorporation of a number of old Welsh customs, legends, and folk-incre. The book should find favour with cultivated readers; it is out of the rut, with a historical element not often used in fiction. Miss Montgomery possesses a style, and is a writer of marked talent and welcome originality."

THE TWO RIVERS

ETWO RIVERS

FORKSHIRE OBSERVER says: "Mr. Briggs makes good use of most of the literary craftsman's arts, and he has a strong sense of the dramatic, which he uses with artistic restraint. In the tragic passages of the book his work reminds us of the late Mr. G. Douglas in 'The House with the Green Shutters."

THE BAD LORD LOCKINGTON Florence Warden Author of "The Matheson Money" WESTMINSTER GAZETTE says: "An ingenious and sustained story and just the right length.

THINGS AS THEY ARE Mrs. E. K. Williamson SHEFFIELD TELEGRAPH says: "So interestingly told that one reads it with true delight

LEFT IN CHARGE Victor L. Whitechurch Author of "The Canon in Residence."

DAILY MAIL says: "Humour, philosphy and sympathy are well blended in this shrewd and pleasant tale of country life."

THE SLEEPING VILLAGE

Julia Neville

THE TIMES says: "A meritorious story of the domestic and social life of a quiet Russian Village."

RECENT BRILLIANT SUCCESSES

THE STORM-DOG (4th Ed.) Lilian Arnold MY ESCAPES (2nd Ed.) By a Bachelor

THE MODERN MARKET-PLACE (2nd Ed.)

THE ORDEAL OF SILENCE (3rd Ed.) By a Peer

THE WASTER (3rd Ed.)

READY SHORTLY

A YEAR WITHOUT A CHAPERONE (Oct. 22nd.)
Elsie M. Cawthorne

THE VILLAGE INFIDEL (Oct. 22nd.) 3s, 6d. C. E. Heanley

By Coronet BEYOND THE HILLS QUEER LITTLE JANE (Oct. 22nd.) Curtis Yorke **Maibey Whittington** LEVITY HICKS **Tom Gallon** Mrs. Henry Tippett THE ULTIMATE CONCLUSION A.C. Fox-Davies

Kindly write for John Long's Autumn Catalogue, just out. It is a most interesting production.

JOHN LONG, Ltd., 12, 13 & 14 NORRIS STREET, HAYMARKET, LONDON

EDINBURGH REVIEW.

Edited by HAROLD COX.

OCTOBER, 1912, No. 442.

8vo. Price 6s.

MR. BALFOUR IN THE STUDY. SECRET REMEDIES. By HUGH S. ELLIOT.

SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL. By A. R. HINKS.

THE FIRST OF THE FENIANS. By Captain HARRY GRAHAM. A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY ADMIRAL AND DIPLOMAT.

WALTER SCOTT AND JOANNA BAILLIE. By VICTOR G. PLANK.

CURRENT LITERATURE. By Walter DE LA MARE.

THE CHURCH MILITANT.

APPRENTICESHIP. By CYRIL JACKSON.

DEMOCRACY AND LIBERALISM. By ARTHUR A. BAUMANN.

POLITICS AND PRICES. By The EDITOR

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION IN THE UNITED STATES. THE PROBLEM OF PERSIA

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., 39 PATERNOSTER Row, LONDON, E.C.

If you would understand the true bearing of the Home Rule Bill on the fortunes of Ireland and the Empire read

THE CASE AGAINST HOME RULE.

By L. S. AMERY, M.P.

Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford.

Of all Booksellers 3d. net; or post free from the Office, 41d.

THE WEST STRAND PUBLISHING COMPANY 10a King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

SALES BY AUCTION.

VALUABLE BOOKS and MANUSCRIPTS, including the property of S. R. CROCKETT, Esq., Torwood, Peebles, N.B.

ESSRS. SOTHEBY, WILKINSON & HODGE

WILKINSON & HODG

May be viewed. Catalogues may be had.

"VANITY FAIR" CARTOONS.

M ESSRS. SOTHEBY, WILKINSON & HODGE will SELL by AUCTION, at their House, No. 13 Wellington Street, Strand, W.C., on MONDAY, October 28, and Following Day, at 1 o'clock precisely, an interesting and unique Collection of ORIGINAL PORTRAITS in WATER. COLOUR by Leslie Ward, F. B. Guth, and others, reproductions of which have appeared in "Vanity Fair" during the years 1889-1907.

May be viewed two days prior. Catalogues may be had.

BOOKS and MANUSCRIPTS.

ESSRS. SOTHEBY, WILKINSON & HODGE will SELL by AUCTION, at their House, No. 13 Wellington Street, Strand. W.C., on WEDNESDAY, October 20, and Two Following Days, at 1 o'clock precisely, valuable BOOKS and MANUSCRIPTS, comprising a small portion of the Library collected by the late Hercules Sharpe, Esq., Sir Cuthbert Sharpe, H. B. Brabazon, Esq., and B. H. Combe, Esq., now the property of Harvey Trewythen Brabazon Combe Esq., of Battle, Sussex, including works on Spain and Spanish art and artists; Surtees Jorrocks' Jaunts' first edition, &c., the property of R. J. Montgomery, Esq., A collection of books on tobacco and smoking, formed by the late Thomas Arnold, Esq., the property of M. W. Liston, Esq., and other properties, including Standard Works in English and Foreign Literature. Fine Books with Coloured Plates, First Editions of the Writings of Celebrated Authors. Works on Natural History, Sport and Travel. Publications of Learned Societies, French Illustrated Works, &c.

May be viewed two days prior. Catalogues may be had.

Executors, Trustees, Solicitors, and Owners who may be desirous of selling Works of Art, Family Jewels, Old Silver, Furniture, Pictures. Prints, Miniatures, China, Coins, Books, Old Lace, Furs, Musical Instruments, Guns, and other Valuables, are informed that Messrs.

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY'S

SALE ROOMS, 20 HANOVER SQUARE, W.,

are Open Daily to receive goods intended for disposal.

Auctions of Estates and Town Properties and Sales on Owners' premises in all parts of the United Kingdom are held as required throughout the year. Large Funds available for Mortgages. Valuations for Estate and Legacy Duties. Farm Stock and Timber Sales. Management of Trust Estates and Receiverships undertaken.

THIS WEEK'S BOOKS-Continued

The Beginnings of Modern Ireland (Philip Wilson). Maunsel. 12s. 6d. net.

The Annual of the British School at Athens : Session 1910-1911.

Macmillan. 25., net.

Memorials of the Cathedral and Priory of Christ in Canterbury
(C. Eveleigh Woodruff and William Danks). Chapman and
Hall. 16s, net.

NATURAL HISTORY AND SPORT.

Wild Sport and Some Stories (Gilfrid W. Hartley). Blackwood.

Triangular Cricket (E. H. Sewell). Dent. 52. net.

THEOLOGY.

The Mines of Isaiah Re-Explored (Rev. T. K. Cheyne). Black. 58. net.

The Meaning of Christianity (Frederick A. M. Spencer). Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.

The Building Up of the Old Testament (Rev. R. B. Girdlestone),
Robert Scott. 5s. net.
The Apocalypse of Jesus (F. W. Worsley), 7s. 6d. net; The
Open Sore of Christendom (Rev. W. J. Sexton). 2s. 6d.
net. Bennett.

The True Religion (Henry Phipps Denison). Stock. 58. net.

TRAVEL.

TRAVEL.

The Cities of Lombardy (Edward Hutton). Methuen. 6s.

By Flood and Field: Adventures Ashore and Afloat in North
Australia (Affred Searcy). Bell. 6s. net.

In Jesuit Land: The Jesuit Missions to Paraguey (W. H.
Koebel). Stanley Paul. 12s. 6d. net.

The Wilderness of the North Pacific Coast Islands (Charles
Sheldon). Fisher Unwin. 8s. 6d. net.

Alpine Studies (W. A. B. Coolidge). Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.

Germany (Rev. J. F. Dickie), painted by E. T. Compton and
E. Harrison Compton, 20s. net; Moscow (H. M. Grove),
painted by F. De Haenen, 7s. 6d. net. Black.

The Tribes of Northern and Central Kordofán (H. A.
MacMichael). Cambridge: At the University Press.

10s. 6d. net.

An African Year (Cullen Gouldsbury). Arnold. 5s. net.

To Mesopotamia and Kurdistan in Disguise (Σ. B. Soane).

Murray. 12s. net.

VERSE AND DRAMA.

Songs from the Forests of Tane (T. Chamberlin Chamberlin).

Lyrics from Lotus Lands (Florence Land May). Boston: Poet

Lore Company.

Curtain Raisers (Eden Phillpotts); Peter's Chance: A Play in
Three Acts (Edith Lyttelton). Duckworth. 1s. 6d. net each.

A Legend of Old Persia and Other Poems (A. B. S. Tennyson). Heinemann. 5s. net.

Far Off Fields and Other Poems (Joseph Whittaker). Dartford: Jenkins. 1s. net.

The Soul of a Gardener (H. M. Waithman. Fifield. 2s. net. MISCELLANEOUS.

Allegories of the Land (Major Gambier-Parry). Smith, Elder.

At Prior Park and Other Papers (Austin Dobson). Chatto and Windus. 6s.
Divorce Problems of To-day (E. S. P. Haynes). Cambridge:

Heffer. 2s. net. English Epic and Heroic Poetry (W. Macneile Dixon). Dent.

Evolution of the English Drama up to Shakespeare, The (Charles

Evolution of the English Drama up to Shakespeare, The (Charles William Wallace). Berlin: Reimer.

Happy Houses (Mary Ansell). Cassell. 6s, net.
John Jonathan and Company (James Milne). Chapman and
Hall. 5s. net.

Little Books about Old Furniture (A. E. Reviers-Hopkins).
Vol. IV.: The Sheraton Period. Heinemann. 2s. 6d. net.

Medical Benefit: A Study of the Experience of Germany and
Denmark (I. G. Gibbon). King. 6s. net.

Principles of Hebrew Grammar, The, Part I. (Rev. D. Tyssil
Evans). Luzac. 7s. 6d. net.

Round About a Rectory (By the Author of "Leaves from a
Life.") Swift. 6s.

Shakespeare's Patrons and Other Essays (The Late Henry
Brown). Dent.

Shipmates (A. E. Loane). Arnold. 5s. net.
Thought in Music, The (John B. McEwen). Macmillan. 3s. 6d.
net.

Vedic Index of Names and Subjects (Arthur Anthony Mac-donell and Arthur Berriedale Keith). Murray. 2 vols.

donell and Arthur Derrieus 24s. net.

Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde": An Essay on the Wagnerian Drama (George Ainslie Hight). Swift. 5s. net.

Walking Essays (A. H. Sidgwick). Arnold. 5s. net.

Wiltshire Village, A (Alfred Williams). Duckworth. 5s. net.

Within: Thoughts During Convalescence (Sir Francis Younghusband). Williams and Norgate. 3s. 6d. net.

Reviews and Magazines for October.—The North American Review, 1s. net; The University Magazine; Mount Tom; The Blue Book, 1s. net; United Empire: La Revue Roumaine, 1fr. 25; The Edinburgh Review, 6s.; The English Historical Review, 5s.; The Eugenics Review, 1s. net; Revue des Deux Mondes, 3fr.; The Dublin Review, 5s. 6d. net; The Quarterly Review, 6s.

THE EVERSLEY SERIES

Globe 8vo. cloth, 4s. net per volume.

MATTHEW ARNOLD'S WORKS. 8 vols.

Poems. 3 vols. | Essays in Criticism. First Series. | American Discourses. Letters, 1848-1888. Collected and Arranged by G. W. E. RUSSELL. a vols.

A MEMOIR OF JANE AUSTEN. By her Nephew, J. E. AUSTEN LEIGH. To which is added "Lady Susan," and Fragments of two other Unfinished Tales by Miss AUSTEN.

It HOLY BIBLE. Arranged in paragraphs, with an Introduction by J. W. MACKAIL, M.A.

Vol. II. Deuteronomy—2 Samuel.

Vol. III. 1 Kings—Esther.

Vol. III. Job—Song of Solomon.

Vol. V. I. Esaklel—Malachi.

Vol. VII. Matthew—John.

Vol. VII. Matthew—Johns.

** The text is that of the Authorised Version.

** The text is that of the Authorised Version. THE HOLY BIBLE.

ESSAYS BY GEORGE BRIMLEY. Third Edition.

CALDERON. Eight Dramas of Calderon freely translated. By EDWARD FITZGERALD.

CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY TALES, Edited by A. W. POLLARD. 2 vols.

DEAN CHURCH'S MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS.

Collected Edition. 9 vols.

Miscellaneous Essays.
St. Anselm.

Bacon.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF DEAN CHURCH. Edited by his Daughter, MARY C. CHURCH.

LECTURES AND ESSAYS BY THE LATE W. K. CLIFFORD, F.R.S. Edited by the late Sir LESLIE STEPHEN and Sir FREDERICK POLLOCK. Third Edition. In 2 vols.

SELECT LETTERS OF WILLIAM COWPER. With Introductory Memoir and Notes by J. G. FRAZER, D.C.L., LL.D., Litt.D. ln 2 vols.

EMERSON'S COLLECTED WORKS. 6 vols. With duction by JOHN MORLEY.

Miscellanies. | Essays. | P English Traits and Representative Men. The Conduct of Life, and Society and Solitude. Letters and Social Aims. Poams.

LETTERS OF EDWARD FITZGERALD. Edited by W. ALDIS WRIGHT. 2 vols.

LETTERS OF EDWARD FITZGERALD TO FANNY KEMBLE, 1871-1883. Edited by W. A. WRIGHT.

MORE LETTERS OF EDWARD FITZGERALD. Edited W. ALDIS WRIGHT.

PAUSANIAS AND OTHER GREEK SKETCHES. By J. G. FRAZER, D.C.L.

GOETHE'S MAXIMS AND REFLECTIONS. Translated with Introductions by T. BAILEY SAUNDERS. • The Scientific and Artistic Maxims were selected by Prof. Huxley and Lord Leighton respectively.

THOMAS GRAY'S COLLECTED WORKS IN PROSE
AND VERSE. Edited by EI) MUND GOSSE. 4 vols.
Poems, Journals, and Essays.
Notes on Aristophanes and Plato.

J. R. GREEN'S WORKS. 16 vols.

History of the English People. 8 vols.
The M-king of England. 2 vols.
The Conquest of England. 2 vols.
Str-y Studies from England and Italy.
Oxford Studies. Second Series.

GUESSES AT TRUTH. By Two Brothers.

EARTHWORK OUT OF TUSCANY. Being Impressions and Translations of MAURICE HEWLETT, Author of "The Forest Lovers." Third Edition, revised.

R. H. HUTTON'S COLLECTED ESSAYS. 7 vols. Literary Essays.

Essays on Some of the Modern Guides of English Thought in Matters of Faith.

Criticisms on Contemporary Thought and Thinkers. 2 vols.

Aspects of Religious and Scientific Thought. Edited by his Niece, ELIZABETH M. ROSCOE.

Brief Literary Criticism. Edited by his Niece, ELIZABETH M. ROSCOE.

THE CHOICE OF BOOKS, and other Literary Pieces.
By FREDERIC HARRISON.

THE MEANING OF HISTORY, and other Historical Pieces. By FREDERIC HARRISON.

POEMS OF THOMAS HOOD. Edited, with Prefatory Memoir, by the late Canon AINGER. In 2 vols.

Vol. I. Serious Poems. With Vignettes and Portraits.

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY'S COLLECTED WORKS.

12 vols.

Methods and Results.

Science and Education.

Science and Hebrew Tradition.

Science and Hebrew Tradition.

Science and Christian Tradition.

Hume. With Helos to the Study of Berkeley.

Man's Place in Nature, and other Anthropological Essays.

Discourses: Biological and Geological.

Evolution and Ethies, and other Essays.

Life and Letters. 3 vols.

FRENCH POETS AND NOVELISTS. By HENRY JAMES. PARTIAL PORTRAITS. By HENRY JAMES.

MODERN GREECE. Two Lectures delivered before the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh, with Papers on "The Progress of Greece "and "Byron in Greece." By Sir RICHARD C. JEBB, Litt.D., D.C.L., Ll.D. Second Edition.

LETTERS OF JOHN KEATS TO HIS FAMILY AND FRIENDS. Edited by Sir SIDNEY COLVIN.

EPIC AND ROMANCE. By W. P. KER.

CHARLES KINGSLEY'S NOVELS AND POEMS.

Westward Ho! 2 vols
Alton Locke. 2 vols.
Two Years Ago. 2 vols. Yeast. 1 vol. Hypatia. 2 vols. Poems. 2 vols.

CHARLES LAMB'S COLLECTED WORKS.
with Introduction and Notes, by the late Rev. Canon Al Edited AINGER, M.A.

6 vois.
The Essays of Ella,
Poems, Plays, and Miscellaneous Essays.
Mrs. Leicester's School, and other writings.
Tales from Shakespeare. By CHARLES and MARY LAMB.
The Letters of Charles Lamb. Newly arranged, with additions 1904.

LIFE OF CHARLES LAMB. By the late Canon AINGER,

HISTORICAL ESSAYS. By the late J. B. LIGHTFOOT, D.D., D.C.L., LL D.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN MILTON. Edited, with Memoir, Introduction, and Notes, by DAVID MASSON, M.A., LL.D.

JOHN MORLEY'S COLLECTED WORKS. 14 vols.

Voltaire. 1 vol. Dideret and the Encyclopædists. Rousseau. 2 vols.
Miscellanies. 3 vols.
Studies in Literature. 1 vol.
The Life of Richard Cobden. On Compromise. z vol. Burke. 1 vol. Otiver Cromwell. 1 vol.

SCIENCE AND A FUTURE LIFE, and other Essays. By F. W. H. MYERS, M.A.

CLASSICAL ESSAYS. By F. W. H. MYERS.

MODERN ESSAYS. By F. W. H. MYERS.

RECORDS OF TENNYSON, RUSKIN, AND BROWNING.
By ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE.

WORKS BY SIR JOHN R. SEELEY, Litt.D. 5 vols.
The Exp. nsion of England. Two courses of Lectures.
Lectures and Essays.
Ecce H.mo.
Introduction to Political Science. Two Series of Lectures.

THE WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE. With short Introduction and Footnotes by Prof. C. H. HERFORD. In 10 vols.

**The Plays may also be had in separate volumes, cloth, 1s. each; roan, gilt tops, 2s. each.

SHAKESPEARE. By Sir Walter Raleigh. Globe

WORKS BY JAMES SMETHAM. 2 vols. Letters, With an Introductory Memoir. Edited by and WILLIAM DAVIES. With a Portrait. Literary Works. Edited by WILLIAM DAVIES.

THE WORKS OF ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

Annotated by the Author. Edited by HALLAM, LORD TENNYSON.

9 vo.s. (Sold separately).

I. Poems.

II. Enoch Arden: In Memoriam.

IV. The Princess: Maude.

V. Idylis of the King.

VI. Billads and other Poems.

VII. Demeter and other Poems.

VIII. Queen Mary and Harold.

IX. Becket and other Plays.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF THOREAU.

E SSAYS IN THE HISTORY OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT IN THE WEST. By BROOKE FOSS WESTCOTT, D.D., D.C.L., Lord Bishop of Durham.

THE WORKS OF WORDSWORTH. Edited by Prof.
KNIGHT. In 10 vols. Each volume contains a Portrait and Viguette etched
by H. MANESSE.

Poeticat Works. 8 vols.
Journals of Dorothy Wordsworth. 2 vols.

MACMILLAN & CO., LTD., LONDON.

The Trouble attached to making a change—

often hinders the adoption of a better article. But the trouble is apt to be exaggerated.

You may have been rubbing along with a typewriter which turns out indifferent work, when just a few minutes' consideration of a "Yost" would put you in touch with a much superior

Make the effort and we will save you as much trouble as possible. On receipt of a P.C. or telephone message a

Visible **Typewriter**

will be sent on FREE TRIAL, without risk or obligation on your part.

The Yost Typewriter Co., Ltd., 50 Holborn Viaduct, LONDON, E.C.

BRANCHES EVERYWHERE.

Under Contract with H M. Governmen P & O Mail & Passenger Services.

EGYPT, INDIA, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALASIA, &c. Conveying Passengers and Merchandise to ALL EASTERN PORTS.

For freight and passage apply:
P. & O. S. N. Co., 122, Leadenhall Street, E.C.,
Northumberland Avenue, W.C., London.

SOUTH & EAST AFRICA ROYAL MAIL ROUTE

From London and Southampton.

CASTLE WEEKLY for SOUTH AFRICA

via Madeira and Canaries

MONTHLY for EAST AFRICA via the Suez Canal.

For further information apply to the Head Office, 3 and 4 Fenchurch Street, London. West End Agencies: SLEEFING CAR Co., 20 Cockspur Street, and Thos. COOK & SON, 13 Cockspur Street.

R. ANDERSON & CO.,

BRITISH, INDIAN, AND COLONIAL ADVERTISEMENT CONTRACTORS.

14 KING WILLIAM STREET, STRAND, W.C.,

GIVE THE BEST TERMS for Company and General Advertising. Advice Estimates, and all information free of charge. Replies received.

Messrs. SOTHERAN'S WEST-END HOUSE

IS NOW IN ENLARGED PREMISES AT

43 PICCADILLY, W.

(OPPOSITE PRINCE'S HALL).

BOOKS, ENGRAYINGS AND AUTOGRAPHS

on View; Valued for Insurance or Probate; Bought for Cash. Telephone : Maylair 3601, Telegraphic Address ; Bookmen London.

502

THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN BANK,

THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN BANK,

Ar an extraordinary meeting of the shareholders of the Anglo-Russian Bank, held last Tucady at Windester House, Old Broad Street, Mr. Charles Birch Cripp, the Chairman, and I is proposed to change the Charles Lived Cripp, the Chairman, and I is proposed to change the Charles Lived Cripp, the Chairman, and I is proposed to change the Charles Lived Cripp, the Charles and State of the Charles and Charles and I darcasy the Anglo-Russian Bank would have figured upon two or the Charles of the Anglo-Russian Trust was formed, and I think that we were doning the very first publicly to state that, in our opinion, Russia offered a street of the Charles of the

loan. Should the Chinese Government wish it, we shall be prepared to give them earlier than we had anticipated the balance of this £10,000,000 loan.

But a part of our arrangement with the Chinese Government was that there should be constituted a State bank or a new institution which we may regard as a State bank for China. The details of the charter are not yet settled, but my scheme is as follows: to constitute a bank to be called the Bank of China, with a capital of £2,000,000. Half of the capital will be subscribed by the Chinese Government, the other half may be subscribed by, say, five nations. Far be it from me to want to discourage the other countries from handling some part of the State leans of China. Now, the functions of this bank will be to deal, among other matters, in course of time, with the currency question. That is one that solved would put China on a different plane altogether: that would do more to open up markets in China to foreign trade and intercourse than anything that could be devised. But it is a matter of extreme difficulty and one requiring experts for its solution, and in all probability nothing but a State bank, with its power of collecting expert

cpinion and of encouraging investigation, could bring about such an important change. This State bank, if my plan be adopted, will have for its Beard nine directors; four will be nominated by the Chinese Government and five will be appointed by the gubseribers of the other moiety of the capital. If the Chirman be an Englishman that should be sufficient guarantee to the rest of the world that an chine the control of the capital by any, five nations—England, France, Germany, Russia, and America—and the four appoint each a director with an Englishman act hairman, you will have constituted a Board which should provide ample guarantee to all who subscribe money that the application in China of the proceeds of these State loans will be all that can be desired. You know that Mr. Acland, in his answer, made an observation as to the Crisp loan not providing adequate safeguards for the expenditure of the proceeds. In the case of this loan it was hardly necessary to go beyond the assurances given us by the Chinese Government. Moreover, I had Dr. Morrison to rely upon. Dr. Morrison fills a very important position in China to-day. But if it be necessary for supervision to be exercised in the matter of the application of the proceeds of future loans, then I say that a Board consisting of four mominees of the Chinese Government and five foreigners—bankers, experts—knowing how business—should be conducted, should be able to supervise the application of this money and ensure that it shall be applied for the purposes for which it has been raised.

You will probably ask me—"How do you expect to get subscribers from the countries named, seeing that the leading banks in those countries are bound together?" It is not for me to ofter an opinion on other people's business—I am generally kept sufficiently occupied with my exist of the proceeds of the countries named, seeing that the leading banks in those countries are bound together? It is not for me to ofter an opinion on other people imagine that the Six-Power combination and any ow

DICK, KERR & CO.

The Ordinary General Meeting of Dick, Kerr and Company, Limited, was held on Tuesday at the Cannon Street Hotel, E.C., Mr. Claud T. Cayley Chairman) presiding.

The Secretary (Ir. Frank Mott) having read the notice convening the meeting and thad 1 twill be seen that the Company has had a The Chairman of the porcest year since the foundation of the business. Last year the directors indulged in an extremely moderate forecast, saying that, should their hopes be fulfilled, the prospects of a satisfactory result were encouraging. The prospects were encouraging at that time, and the non-fulfilment of their hopes is due partly to the fact that some of the contracts which have been completed during the past year have yielded a less profit than was unticipated, and partly to delays which took place in the commencement of new contracts which at that time seemed imminent. The contracts entered into during the last five years have been taken in the face of great competition, and, as much of the Company's work is necessarily accepted a long time before it can be executed, a considerable number of contracts finished last year were, in fact, taken when such competition was at its keenest. In the immediate past the railway and coal strikes affected more particularly our manufacturing business at Preston, because, while we were ourselves well provided with stocks of coal, we were greatly hindered in the execution of our orders; in fact, we had to stop work at one time because of the impossibility of getting in our raw materials, and also of making delivery of our manufactured goods. The net result in this department is that, with the works' order-book at the maximum, our net production during the twelve months under review was, with the exception of one year, the minimum since we entered that field ten years ago. The same remarks in respect to strikes apply to the contracting department, with the addition that it was also seriously affected by the dock strike, because of the impossibility of getting that raw material which is o

and soul to the best interests of the Company. You may say I have not promised you much for the future, but I will promise you one thing—that if you later on in the meeting re-elect me as a director I will spare no work on my part (and I know I have the support of all my co-directors) in endeavouring to bring about a better state of things in the near future. You will have noticed from the directors' report that we have lost two directors during the past year—Mr. John Kerr, the late Chairman, and Mr. George Richardson, who, as stated, retired from the board for private reasons. I regret it has been thought by one or two that this might have been in nonnection with the poor result of our profit and loss account for the year under review. I beg to assure the shareholders that our late colleagues are not men who would retire from the Company for any such reasons, but, on the contrary, would most likely have stood by their co-directors had they had an idea at the time they retired that the results would be so unsatisfactory. It is with very great satisfaction I am able to announce that Mr. John Sampson has accepted a seat on the board, and a confirmation of this appointment will be put to you later on. I have now to propose: "That the balance sheet and report be and are hereby confirmed."

Mr. H. R. Prestwich (Deputy-Chairman) seconded the resolution.

Mr. John Concannon said he thought it was due to the Chairman that the shareholders should express their deep sympathy with him, as well as with themselves, for the untoward incident of his being obliged to pass the Ordinary dividend. He wished to point out to those who were not perhaps as conversant with kindred institutions as he was that he did not think there was one of them which had paid a dividend on its Ordinary shares for some years, whereas this was the first time Dick, Kerr and Company had been amanaged in the past. He was a pleased to find that Mr. John Sampson was to join the board, as he believed that his services would be of great value to the Company.

LETTERS PATENT INSURANCE.

MR. EDGAR COREX, preciding at the statutory meeting of the Letters Mr. Edgar Comex, preciding at the statutory meeting of the Letters Patent Insurance Company (Limited), said that the business of the company was somewhat different from that of ordinary insurance companies, and a considerable amount of difficulty had had to be overcome in the preparation of the necessary documents with which the company had to be fully fortified before it could commence its business. Policies of insurance and proposal forms had to be prepared. In the starting of a life office, or a new fire office, one could take the policies already in use by other offices and adapt them to one's own requirements, but in the case of this particular company they had had to frame an entirely new set of rules, regulations, and policies. That was easy to understand because the nature of the business in which they were interested was new set of rules, regulations, and policies. That was easy to understand because the nature of the business in which they were interested was of an entirely different nature from that of ordinary insurance companies, and their lawyers and the best counsel they could obtain had been using their brains with a view to safeguarding the interests of the company, while bearing in mind the interests of those desiring to take out policies.

The great advantage of a company of their sort was that it was of an international character. Policies of insurance to protect patents from infringement, policies of utility in the case of patents, and to insure inventors against infringement required most careful investigation. The efficient staff which they had and the expert advice which they were able

infringement, policies of utility in the case of patents, and to insure inventors against infringement required most careful investigation. The efficient staff which they had and the expert advice which they were able to consult placed them in a position in granting their policies to see first of all that the company, as well as the insured person, was thoroughly secured. The company would be a great advantage to investors and also to those who were in the habit of investing money in new inventions, because, on applying to the company for a policy of insurance they might feel certain that it would not be granted in any circumstances until the company had thoroughly inquired into the nature of the patent, its validity, and the possibility of its being infringed; in other words, making a most careful inquiry into the whole question before the policy was issued. In illustration of that he might mention a case in which they had inquired about the validity of some patents on which a prospective client proposed to take out a policy, on the understanding that if they found that the patents were valid they would make no charge for the inquiry; whist, on the other hand, if they found that the patents were not valid a charge would be made. As a result of their inquiry they had found that the patents in question were absolutely worthices, and the prospective client had paid the sum charged, and thanked them, because the result of their investigation had saved him from the loss of a considerable aum of money which he had contemplated spending in connexion with those patents. Although he (the Chairman) did not wish to appear unduly optimistic, he was personally of the opinion that they had a successful future. He personally was interested in the company to a considerable amount, and it was owing to the amount of money which he personally had lost in connexion with worthless patents that he had decided to take a hand in the business. He thought that they had a nowested money in patents—both those patents which were successfu

NOTICE.

The Terms of Subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW are:-United Kingdom,

£ 3. d. One Year 1 8 2 Half Year 0 14 I ... - 0 I5 2 Quarter Year ... 0 7 7 ... 0 7 1 ...

Cheques and Money Orders should be crossed and made payable to the Manager, SATURDAY REVIEW Offices, 10 King Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

Macmillan's New Books

Marie Antoinette: Her Early Youth: 1770-1774.

By LADY YOUNGHUSBAND. Illustrated. 8vo. 15s. net. [Tuesday.

The Adventures of an Elephant Hunter.

By JAMES SUTHERLAND. Illustrated. 8vo. 7s. 6d, net. [Tuesday.

** The book records the experiences of a hunter who holds the world's record in this branch of sport.

A Tramp's Sketches.

By STEPHEN GRAHAM, Author of "Undiscovered Russia." With Frontispiece. Extra crown 8vo. 5s. net

Pall Mail Gazette.—"Mr. Graham writes of the mystery and beauty of the sea, the night, the sunset, the moon, and the stars in words that seem at times to take colours from that which they describe. The description of 'Sunset from the Gate of Baidari' is a wonderful bit of word-painting, and the impression it leaves is not vague and hazy, but vivid, a thing that can be remembered."

NEW COLOUR BOOKS.

Folk-Tales of Bengal.

By the Rev. LAL BEHARI DAY. With 32 Illustrations in Colour by **WARWICK GOBLE**. Crown 4to. 15s. net.

Also Edition de Luxe, limited to 150 copies, printed on hand-made paper and bound in vellum. Demy 4to. 42s. net.

White-Ear and Peter: the Story of a Fox and a Fox-Terrier.

By NEILS HEIBERG. With 16 Coloured Plates by CECIL ALDIN. Pott 4to. 6s. net.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

Among my Books; Centenaries, Reviews, Memoirs.

By FREDERIC HARRISON. Extra Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

* * A companion volume to "Choice of Books."

The Times.—"Mr. Harrison has read and re-read for pleasure; and in these talks he communicates his pleasure. The effect of reading his book is to be sent, or sent back, to the great books with new enthusiasm."

Six Lectures on the Inns of Court and of Chancery.

Delivered in the Middle Temple Hall during Easter and Trinity Terms, 1912. With Map. Globe 8vo. 1s. net. [New Shilling Library.

H. G. WELLS'S NEW BOOK.

Marriage. 6s.

MAURICE HEWLETT'S NEW BOOK.

Mrs. Lancelot. 6s.

JAMES STEPHENS'S NEW BOOK.

The Crock of Gold. 5s. net.

The Standard.—"There is not another book like this 'Crock of Gold' in English literature. There are many books like pieces of it, but the humour and the style, these things are Mr. Stephens's own peculiar gift. . . . 'The Crock of Gold' must make Mr. Stephens's position even more assured; it must also make his readers impatiently curious as to his next work."

MACMILLAN & CO., LTD., LONDON.

MR. JOHN LANE'S BOOKS

BRILLIANT NEW FICTION.

THE JOYOUS ADVENTURES OF ARISTIDE PUJOL

By WILLIAM J. LOCKE. Now Ready. 6s. With Illustrations by ALEC BALL.

TIMES.-"The one story of 'Fleurette' would justify the book's publication."

THE UNBEARABLE BASSINGTON

By H. H. MUNRO ("SAKI.")
Author of "The Chronicles of Clovis," &c. (Shortly). 6s.

HOFFMAN'S CHANCE a study of stageland.

By WILLIAM CAINE.

MORNING POST.—" 'The most considerable piece of work Mr. Caine has yet done. . . 'Hoffman's Chance' would have been worth writing merely for the presentation of Orde, the ass, and Psyche, the cat—especially the latter, whose portraiture is one of the most vivid and effective presentations that has ever come our way."

THE ILLUSIONS OF MR. & MRS. BRESSINGHAM A COMEDY OF MANNERS.

By GERRARD BENDALL.

DAILY TELEGRAPH.—"A delightful farcical comedy of modern life.
. natural, spirited dialogue . . . lively entertainment."

THE BOUNTIFUL HOUR

By MARION FOX.

Author of "The Seven Nights," "The Hand of the North," &c.

MORNING POST.—"There is a distinction about the writings of Miss Marion Fox. . . . In her new novel we have the same pathos with interludes of joyousness, and over both moods a spirituality reigning supreme."

NEW MEMOIRS, BIOGRAPHIES, ETC.

FANNY BURNEY AT THE COURT OF QUEEN CHARLOTTE By CONSTANCE HILL. Illustrated. 16s. net.

THIRTEEN YEARS OF A BUSY WOMAN'S
LIFE By Mrs. ALEC TWEEDIE. 2nd Edn. Illustrated.

HISTORY OF THE PHILHARMONIC
SOCIETY By MYLES BIRKET FOSTER. Illustrated.

MY LIFE IN PRISON By DONALD LOWRIE.

AMERICAN SOCIALISM OF THE PRESENT DAY By JESSIE WALLACE HEIGHAM.

BALLADS WEIRD AND WONDERFUL With 25 Drawings by VERNON HILL. 21s. net.

THE STORY OF DON JOHN OF AUSTRIA By LUIS COLOMA. Translated by LADY MORETON. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. (Shortly).

THE LETTERBAG OF LADY ELIZABETH
SPENCER STANHOPE By A. M. W. STIRLING.
Illustrated. 32s. net. (Shortly).

THE BODLEY HEAD, Vigo Street, London, W